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Mt. Whitney Club journal

Mt. Whitney Club, Visalia, Calif

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Volume I — Number 1

Mt. Whitney Club Journal

May, 1902

Visalia, California

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Francis P. Farquhar
San Francisco

Mt. Whitney Club Journal.

Published by and for Club members.

Editors: Geo. W. Stewart, Ben M. Maddox, Harry G. Stuart.

Contents — May, 1902.

A Night on Mt. Whitney	*W. B. Wallace*	1
Mt. Kaweah and Vicinity	*W. F. Dean*	13
A Trip to Mt. Whitney in 1878	*Anna Mills Johnston*	18
Climbing Mt. Whitney	*Emily F. Stewart*	29
Mt. Silliman	*S. L. N. Ellis*	31
Club Officers — Organization of Club — List of Members		36
Our Club		39

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Moraine Lake and Mountains South of Soda Cañon.

(See page 15.)

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MT. WHITNEY CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. I. VISALIA, CALIFORNIA: MAY, 1902. No. 1.

A NIGHT ON MT. WHITNEY.

BY W. B. WALLACE.

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,
The woodpecker pounded a pine top shell,
The squirrel whistled the whole day through
For a rabbit to dance in the chaparral,
And the gray grouse drummed 'All's well, all's well.'"

THE summer of 1881 was an exceptionally fine season for mountain-climbing, and, having spent several weeks about Mineral King, exploring its brown and gray heights, hunting deer in forest and silver in vein, I longed for something new. "Things won are done. Joy's soul lies in the doing."

It was therefore with a feeling of delight that I hailed the appearance there of that genial, companionable soul, Captain J. W. A. Wright, of Hanford, and, in accordance with a prearranged plan, we started, August 26th, on an excursion to Mt. Whitney. Rev. F. H. Wales, of Tulare, had preceded us to Little Kern River, and there awaited our arrival.

On the south side of Farewell Gap we passed a patch of red snow, something rarely seen. The largest area was three or four feet square, in the middle of a great snowbank, and from this extended a line, like a band of red ribbon, for a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. Its deepest color was cochineal-red, shading off into a light

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pink. When crushed, in Captain Wright's words, it looked "like red rock candy," and melted "like water from a red watermelon." It leaves no stain, and is tasteless. This rare appearance, naturalists tell us, is due to a microscopic vegetable or animal form. The largest area of red snow I have ever seen was at the head of the Big Arroyo, in 1882, where I walked across it for several hundred feet, leaving footprints that looked as if made in blood.

Our route for a considerable distance was along the Hockett trail. The third day we camped on Whitney Creek, upon which we tried unsuccessfully to impress the name "Volcano Creek," as that stream does not rise in the vicinity of Mt. Whitney. We lay over a day at this point to explore the craters of two extinct volcanoes and to feast on rainbow trout.

From there we traveled across the summit of the mountain range, in order to intersect the Signal Service trail, and passed a night in Diaz Meadows, Inyo County. It was the coldest and most cheerless camp of our journey. Its altitude is 10,000 feet, and bleak winds swept down upon us all night.

Captain Wright was the only fleshy member of our party. His ribs were encased in such thick layers of fatty tissue that, knowing his inability to freeze, we elected that he should sleep on the windward side of the camp.

Early the next morning we recrossed the summit and rode through Rampart Pass, where a grand view burst upon us. Spires and pinnacles and a great pyramidal mountain flanked with large bodies of snow arose above our horizon. The clear atmosphere brought us so near, apparently, that my companions thought it was Whitney. Closer scrutiny showed me that it was an old acquaintance, one on whose broad, massive sides I had had many

38-54
24

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a ramble. It was Mt. Kaweah. That night, September 3d, we reached Loomis Cañon and camped below and in full view of Whitney.

We were at an altitude of about 11,500 feet, in a little meadow, through which flows the clear, cold water of a creek heading at the foot of the mountain. This is the stream which we thought should have been named Whitney Creek. Toward the west we had an extensive outlook, but being in a close cañon the view elsewhere was cut short. The only timber there (for we were at the extreme upward limit of the timber belt) is the twisted pine, a regular corkscrew-tree, that will only split spirally. Old mountaineers delight in telling the story of a squirrel running down one of these trees and reaching the ground in advance of a streak of lightning, after an even start from the top.

This cañon is broad, wide-floored, rising gradually, and occasionally in terraces, and contains several lakelets and little meadows. At the head the walls are very precipitous. The southwestern wall, at the upper part, is perhaps two thousand feet high and deeply fluted, having the light reddish tint peculiar to that region. Much of the granite has a perceptible stratification, and most of it is porphyritic. The glacier-polished surfaces along the creek are very beautiful, being dotted with flesh-colored, rectangular crystals from half an inch to two inches in length. The granite breaks into rhombohedral forms and occasionally large fragments may be seen nicely poised on sharp spires, holding their positions by a tenure so precarious that, apparently, a touch of the hand would dislodge them.

Mt. Whitney from our camp looked like a vast dome broken off almost vertically on all sides. Granite spires, or needles, range from it north and south and cling to its huge western flank. The most prominent of these is

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named Keeler's Needle. The summit of the mountain appeared to be accessible only by a trail which leads up a groove in its southwestern side, upon which some irreverent mountaineer has bestowed the name "Devil's Ladder."

On the afternoon of September 5th we set out to ascend it. Two miles higher up on the creek is a little lake, which, from the peculiarity of its shape, was named by Clarence King Guitar Lake, on the margin of which a temporary Signal Service station had been established, and a small detachment of U. S. troops was stationed there, under command of Captain Michaelis. There we met Professor S. P. Langley, now connected with the Smithsonian Institution, and the late Professor Keeler, since an astronomer at the Lick Observatory. They had come out from the East to make some astronomical observations and scientific experiments, principally to determine the color of the sun and sun-rays. They gave us a pleasant reception, and Captain Michaelis invited us to spend the night with him on the summit of the mountain, an invitation which Captain Wright and I gladly accepted. Leaving our horses at the foot of the Devil's Ladder, we started up that incline, each laden with an ample supply of provisions and bedding.

We were on top but a few minutes before the sun began to sink below the Kaweah Peaks, and had time only to take a few hurried glances about us before nightfall; but we speedily realized that we stood in the center of a grand circle of scenery. All about us were great granite amphitheaters and lordly mountains. Looking down into Owens Valley, but little more than ten miles away, and nearly 10,000 feet below us, we watched the lengthening shadow of Whitney as it moved eastward far in advance of the shadows of its neighbors. It crossed Owens River and dulled its glittering surface; it climbed

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the Inyo mountains and lay against the eastern sky high above the horizon, dark, solitary, and colossal.

We examined our picturesque surroundings until daylight faded into twilight and twilight merged into moonlight. The sun, like a glowing mass of fire, dropped out of sight, sending forth innumerable crimson lines to irradiate the west. Dining after dark, we sat around a camp-fire built of wood worth $140 a cord in that market; for it cost the troop $35 to get one-quarter of a cord to the summit.

Captain Wright narrated to an interested audience the story of the red-cement hunters, being the legend of a lost mine, and Captain Michaelis gave us a vivid description of the battle-ground of the Little Big Horn. He was the first white man to reach the body of General Custer on that ill-fated field.

The wind-storm which had raged about the mountain-top for several days had abated. The lowest temperature for the night was twenty-five degrees, and we experienced no difficulty in breathing the light air. The sky was cloudless, the moon was in the full, and we strolled for hours about the summit of this noble mountain, for which we were rewarded with many pictures that will long occupy a place in memory's gallery. There are about three acres at the summit comparatively level.

"The moon and her starry court" shone with increased brilliancy. Apparently more than double the number of stars were observable than can be seen from the valley, and while we know that every star is but a point of light without visible dimensions, yet in that clear, rarefied atmosphere the stars we see from below appeared not only brighter but larger. Here there was no obstruction to clear seeing. We were above the great body of reddish dust which forever hangs over the valley, and through which we see as "through a glass darkly." In the day-

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time we could see it below us. Then, in the words of Professor Langley, "we looked down on what seemed a kind of level dust-ocean, invisible from below, but whose depth was 6,000 or 7,000 feet. . . . It was evidently like the dust seen in mid-ocean from the Peak of Teneriffe, something present all the time and a permanent ingredient in the earth's atmosphere."

But resuming the moonlight scene: Outlines of all other great mountains in this region were visible, and the snowfields about Mt. Kaweah shone with subdued brilliancy. Owens Lake and Owens River presented dull, leadlike surfaces. The sides of Mt. Whitney are so precipitous to the north and east that in one place we looked almost directly down several hundred feet into the bosom of an oval lakelet—a feature of beauty in a form of grandeur. At half-past 12 o'clock, tired out, we lay down to sleep, and I think I never slumbered more soundly than during the following four hours. Awakening suddenly in the morning, I aroused Captain Wright, and we hurried to the highest point, but fifty feet away. The sun was just appearing above the horizon, and soon lines of light were streaming through clefts and fissures in the mountain ridge, gilding granite domes and heightening the hues of crimson bands and red mountains far to the north and west. Another great shadow of Whitney appeared high above the Kaweah peaks, with the same pyramidal form and solitary as on the previous evening. Toward the east the scenery was equally impressive. Owens Lake was brilliantly illumined, and river and lake, like a phosphorescent sea as the sunlight touched their surfaces, seemed starred and spangled with a thousand silvery gems. The valley is sprinkled with sand-flats and alkali patches. Beyond the lake we could see extensive lava areas, dark and forbidding, and to the north and east two or three ancient volcanic craters. We looked down upon Lone Pine, nine-

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teen miles away, and we could trace the road to Darwin and the one leading up the valley. On the eastern rim of the valley are bright bands of metamorphic rock—white, gray, brown, and varicolored. The general desolate appearance of the valley is relieved only by a thread of green which marks the course of the river and by a few green fields in the vicinity of Lone Pine and Independence.

So high were we that it seemed like looking down into a lower world. For one brief period we were literally on top. The Inyo, Cerro Gordo, Coso, White Mountains, and Telescope Mountain, were in full view, and we could look down upon them all. Telescope Mountain is near Panamint, overlooking Death Valley. What a contrast between two points! Here we stood on the highest mountain in the United States, nearly 15,000 feet above the sea, and there, but seventy-five miles away, was that rainless, lifeless, bone-strewn valley, the lowest land in America—280 feet below sea-level! There

> "Not a flower lifts its head
> Where the emigrant lies dead;
> Not a living creature calls
> Where the Gila monster crawls,
> Hot and hideous as the sun
> To the dead man's skeleton.
> But the desert and the dead,
> And the hot hell overhead,
> And the blazing, seething air,
> And the dread mirage are there."

To Mr. William Crapo, who had remained with us over night, and to Mr. A. H. Johnson, who joined us that morning, both of Inyo County, we are indebted for much information regarding our environment. The latter pointed out a range of mountains on the Colorado River. Almost due south we could see the bold outlines of the San Gabriels near Los Angeles.

Mts. Williamson, Tyndall, Brewer, The Milestone,

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Kaweah, Miner's Peak, Olanche, Sheep Mountain, and Whitney form a great circle of towering heights, on the east rim of which we stood. Far to the north Mts. King, Goddard, Lyell, Unicorn, and Dana, and some in the near vicinity of Yosemite, were pointed out to us. One could not but gaze long on such a scene.

We wandered about the summit studying our picturesque surroundings until hunger admonished us that we had not breakfasted. The mind had feasted, the soul had banqueted, but the stomach was neglected. I felt the sentiment of him who said, "Though the chameleon, love, can feed on air, I am one who is nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." After a good breakfast we resumed our observations, and witnessed some fine signaling with the camp at Lone Pine.

The year 1881, like the present year (1901), was one of national sorrow. President Garfield had been shot by an assassin. An inquiry as to his condition was signaled from the summit. The answer as flashed back was read, "The President is dead." Captain Michaelis ordered the flag lowered to half-mast. Later the question was repeated, and the answer, "No better," proved the former to have been misread. The sadness of our little group was modified, and we rejoiced at again seeing our national banner waving free from the greatest height at which it has ever been unfurled within our borders.

The height of Mt. Whitney, according to Clarence King's measurement, is 14,887 feet. The measurements made by Professor Langley were doubtless far more accurate, as he took readings from a fine mercurial barometer at short intervals every day for four or five days. He gives 14,522 feet as its height; but with this reduction it is the highest mountain wholly within the United States.

The Indians called Mt. Whitney "Too-man-i-goo-yah," which means "the very old man." They believe that the

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Great Spirit who presides over the destiny of their people once had his home in that mountain, and from that great height smiled upon the efforts of the good Indian, or, with a frown on his mighty brow, dealt swift vengeance upon the unfortunate *hombre* who transgressed the Pi Ute code of ethics.

On the eastern side of Owens Valley is Pi Ute Monument, a tall granite shaft. The Pi Utes have a legend that an old chief when dying declared that his spirit would reside in that monument, and as long as they were good Indians the monument would stand and they would prosper, but if they became bad Indians, it would crumble away and their tribe would cease to exist. We were told that the monument is crumbling away, and that that tribe of Pi Utes has well-nigh disappeared.

Kaweah was originally "Kah-wah," accented on the last syllable, and some Indians say it means "I squat here," or "Here I rest."

Before we seemed to realize it, the sun was declining in the west, and our time to descend had arrived. After one more long look, one sweep of the eye around our entire horizon, a last glance at the deep violet-hued sky above, a final salute to the flag on high, we dropped down the ladder to Guitar Lake.

The principal object of our journey was accomplished. About this time Whymper, of the Alpine Club, was boasting of having "polished off" Chimborazo and Cotopaxi and of tenting on the summit of mighty Sorata. We did not envy him, for we felt proud of a delightful experience in that line near at home.

The following day we bade our genial hosts farewell, retraced our steps down the creek for two or three miles, and then struck out northwest towards the head of Kern River. The second day we were on the brink of the cañon just east of the Milestone. I had assured my companions

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that we could descend into it near its head, but, as my confidence was not the fruit of my own experience, they were unyielding doubters from start to finish. Upon Mr. Wales asking a Frenchman whom he met on the plateau, the latter excitedly exclaimed, "Imposs'! imposs'!"

The next morning we broke camp and worked our way through brush and rock along a trailless route until we reached a bluff broken off vertically on the western side. Slipping out of my saddle, I dodged behind a bowlder heap, before my companions could compliment me on my success. Knowing that Captain Wright, whose motto was, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," would soon be lost in the study of the surrounding Sierra flora, I took time to examine the locality ahead very carefully. Finally discovering a way that was practicable, provided we could cross a mass of bowlders about three hundred feet wide, I set to work rolling the little ones between the big ones, and in two hours had a road constructed. Returning to my friends, the question, "What are the chances?" awaited an answer. "We must go down," I said. "Yes," replied Captain Wright; "but what are the chances?" "A Frenchman just told me it is impossible," remarked Mr. Wales. "The French," I replied, "have a saying that 'It is the impossible that always happens.' Let us verify it." We got our horses together, and we went down and rested that night at Junction Camp. In traveling less than eight miles we had descended about 4,000 feet.

Like a bird from the upper air, we dropped suddenly down from a cold, bleak, cheerless, wind-swept plateau into a new region of warmth and comfort. Junction Camp is a delightful place, 8,000 feet high, and there we found excellent fishing. From that point down for ten miles the cañon is closed in by walls that vary from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height. There are five waterfalls on the sides from 1,500 to 3,000 feet high, the water of which drops three

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or four hundred feet at a plunge, to be dashed into spray on a succession of narrow shelves. We named the highest of these Shä-goo-päh Falls, after an old Pi Ute chief.

Along this cañon one in search of pleasure or relief from care may while away many an interesting day. The floor is dotted with flower-decked meadows, trout can be caught at nearly any point along the river, and a diligent hunter could find bear and deer. The only game we got here was a mess of fine quail. A great variety of flowers and many different kinds of birds are to be seen. Insect pests are not numerous, barring the omnipresent and belligerent yellow-jacket, that at all times seems like a boy with a chip on his shoulder, aching for a fight. Once I rode down Kern Cañon with a talkative friend mounted on a mettlesome mule. He was transported by his wonderful surroundings, and was rapidly exhausting a rare assortment of appropriate adjectives in expressing his views of the present beauties of the cañon and its probable condition before so much was removed by eroding agencies, when, in the midst of his rhapsody, a yellow-jacket touched him under the left ear and another paid its fervid addresses to his mule's flanks; and in an instant up went visions of primeval grandeur, forests, columns, colossal mountains, and heaven-born cataracts. It was a new feature introduced into a panorama of gorgeousness, and it evoked corresponding emotions. I have never seen a better illustration of the comic-magnificent.

From the sides of Kern Cañon come in many lesser cañons, reminding one of Major Powell's description of the Colorado—"Every river entering this has cut another cañon; every rill born of a shower, and born again of a shower, and living only in these showers, has cut for itself a cañon." The Kern River cañons are the result of erosion, and exhibit the great energy and working power of water. But water has only supplemented the efforts of a mightier agent, for ice with massive power has wrought

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extensively in that region. There the student of nature can find much that will sharpen his powers of perception and augment his store of knowledge; there he may see the first process in the formation of soils—nature's primitive efforts to utilize the mineral kingdom; and there, from ice-sculptured rocks, he may read the evidence of climatic changes, perhaps world-wide in extent. Our two days' stay in that place was restful and very interesting. We took many rare pictures for our mental galleries and we feasted to satiety on speckled trout.

Our course from Kern River lay south across a triangular plateau at the foot of Mt. Kaweah. The latter mountain we climbed, then went up the Big Arroyo near a point where the Kaweah, two branches of Kern River, and one of Kings River head within a pistol-shot of each other, and then, turning back, we ascended Cliff Pass, on the northeast side of Cliff Cañon. Thence, after one farewell glance at the Kern River basin, we commenced the descent into Cliff Cañon. Down, down we traveled over breakneck bluffs, through knee-tickling knee-brush, by the habitats of woodchucks, the surviving cave-dwellers, exciting the cheeping and electric-jointed chipmunks; driving, coaxing, and pushing our horses over slick rocks and along bowlder-strewn ravines until we reached Deer Cañon. The greater part of the 200 miles we had traveled was in the wake of the sheep-herder, and it was with a new feeling of delight that we rode towards Mineral King through ungrazed groves and meadows, where the tall grasses half hid our horses, where lovely tiger-lilies bowed approvingly as we passed along, and where every breeze was freighted with sweet odors. Our last camp was at our starting-point, where, after a good dinner, fatigued by a hard day's travel, we lay down to rest at an early hour and were soon lulled to sleep by falling waters and the sad, sweet music of swaying pines.

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MT. KAWEAH AND VICINITY.

By W. F. Dean.

IN the month of July, 1897, our party of four—Prof. W. R. Dudley (special botanist of the Stanford University), Messrs. Otis Wight and Harry Dudley (students at Stanford), and I—started from my home at Three Rivers, in Tulare County, California, for a five-weeks' trip in the Sierras. I shall not attempt to describe in detail all the places of interest we visited, but will mention briefly a few of the things that were of especial interest to me. Our first camp was made near the Sequoia groves at the head of Salt Creek. For a description of this stream and grove I will refer you to some of the disappointed candidates who go up Salt Creek after every election.

Our next camp, after marching from Salt Creek over the mountain known as Homer's Nose, was made at the Cahoon Meadows, where we found an abundant supply of feed for our stock and plenty of rainbow trout. The lake here and the creeks had been stocked with trout from Little Kern River some years before. From this camp we moved on, via Tar Gap, to the Hockett Meadows, which are located near the South Fork of the Kaweah River. Here our botanist added many specimens of plants to his collection, and some of our party made the ascent of Mt. Moses and Mt. Maggie.

Our next march was over the divide between the South Kaweah and Little Kern rivers. We then followed the Hockett trail, via Round Meadow, Lion Meadow, and Burnt Corral Meadow. On our way from Burnt Corral to Trout Meadow we struck a strip of volcanic ash and lava, which extended from Kern River, on the east, to

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Little Kern River, on the west, and terminated in basaltic cliffs at Little Kern, just south of where Trout Meadow Creek falls into it. Much of this basalt stands in hexagonal prisms, which seem to be in sections about twenty inches long and eight or nine inches in diameter. These sections have the upper end convex and the lower concave, so that the concave end of the upper section just fits over the convex end of the one below it, and the mass of sections thus fit together like the cells of a honeycomb.

On our way up Kern River our photographer obtained a good picture of the upper Kern Lake. This lake was formed by a landslide, which blocked the river and expanded its waters, in the winter of 1867-68. We camped and had fine fishing and excellent feed for our stock at the upper Funston Meadow on Kern River, and although I had caught fish on horseback along here in 1889, the cañon had lost none of its charms for me. From this camp we ascended the cañon about six miles to where there is a notch in its west wall. Up this notch a rather steep and rough trail leads to the Kaweah Meadows.

We passed a few scattering piñon pines (*Pinus monophylla*) on our way up to the Kaweah Meadows. The finest of these meadows lies about six miles south of the Kaweah group of mountains, upon the Shagoopah Plateau, which lies at the southern base of this noted group, and extends from the Kern Cañon, on the east, to the Big Arroyo, on the west and south. There is probably all of eight or nine square miles in this glacier-swept, bowlder-strewn plateau.

I wish to digress, to mention that in traveling over the Whitney trail along Volcano Creek one may read from Nature's own book how those Whitney Meadows were formed by dikes of lava, from volcanoes, thrown across the cañon, which first filled with water and formed lakes, and were in time filled up by the wash from the mountain-

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Granite Peak and Kaweah Meadow.

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sides and transformed into meadows. I could not help contrasting Nature's warmer method of forming those Whitney Meadows by means of molten lava with the cold glacial treatment employed in making the Kaweah Meadows. Near the largest of these meadows is a beautiful sheet of water, which we named Moraine Lake, on account of its walls being formed by terminal and lateral moraines. This lake is too beautiful to be properly described. Our photographer took two photos of this sheet of water which I regard as quite accurate.

Near this lake I took a set of nighthawk's eggs (*Chordeiles Virginianus*), and one set of the Oregon junco's eggs (*Junco hyemalis Oregonus*). These, with Clark's nutcracker (*Nucifraga Columbiana*) and (*Leucosticte tephrocotis*), are the characteristic birds of the Shagoopah Plateau; and the last mentioned may be seen along the snow-drifts well up the sides of Mt. Kaweah.

The meadow where we camped was in plain sight of Mt. Kaweah. We rode from our camp here through a beautiful border of tamarack pines (*Pinus contorta*), which gave way as we ascended the sides of Kaweah to the foxtail pine (*Pinus Balfouriana*). Leaving our horses at the upper border of the pines, we made the ascent of Kaweah on foot. We found the ascent a little more tedious than that of Whitney. But from the summit we looked long and with much interest upon the many-tinted twin groups of monuments, which compare favorably with any in the Sierras. Owing to the easterly and westerly trend of this group, spreading out on the Kern River side like a fan into three short chains, and narrowing in the west, there is afforded an especially fine view of the heart of the Sierras. Here we found more snow than we saw around Mt. Whitney. And there seems to be a richness of color in this group which I never observed in any other mountains.

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After spending some time on the summit and around the south and west, admiring the beauties of this group from different angles, we determined to go round to the north and see it from that side. We retraced our steps to Kern River and followed up the cañon beyond the Shagoopah Falls. We camped at the junction of the three branches of the Kern, and here we crossed the East and the Middle Forks and began our climb up the west branch of the Kern, or Kern-Kaweah, as we afterward named it.

During our climb out of the central cañon up the Kern-Kaweah, we obtained excellent photos of the falls of this splendid stream; but one must see them to appreciate their grandeur. We worked up past these falls until steep walls seemed to bar our progress in a westerly direction. Here we found a groove in the north wall of the cañon, which had a steep incline toward the river; and by jumping our horses and mules one at a time from bowlder to bowlder, we succeeded in getting our seven head of stock over this two hundred feet in forty-five minutes without accident. From here on we had no greater trouble than the cutting of a few bushes and one small log that was in our way.

We followed up this river to the snowdrifts in Mt. Kaweah's backyard, to where it is separated from the Big Arroyo by a narrow wall, and from the Kaweah and Roaring rivers by a single ridge. We ascended a spur of Mt. Kaweah from the north and saw much of interest not visible from the other side. We also ascended a tributary of the Kern-Kaweah which heads farther north toward Milestone Peak. We were soon upon a plateau, and passed from this to a bowl-shaped mountain. And, since this plateau and bowl have once been parts of Milestone, Prof. Dudley named them Milestone Plateau and Milestone Bowl.

From this place we had an especially fine panoramic view of this advantageously placed, beautifully colored,

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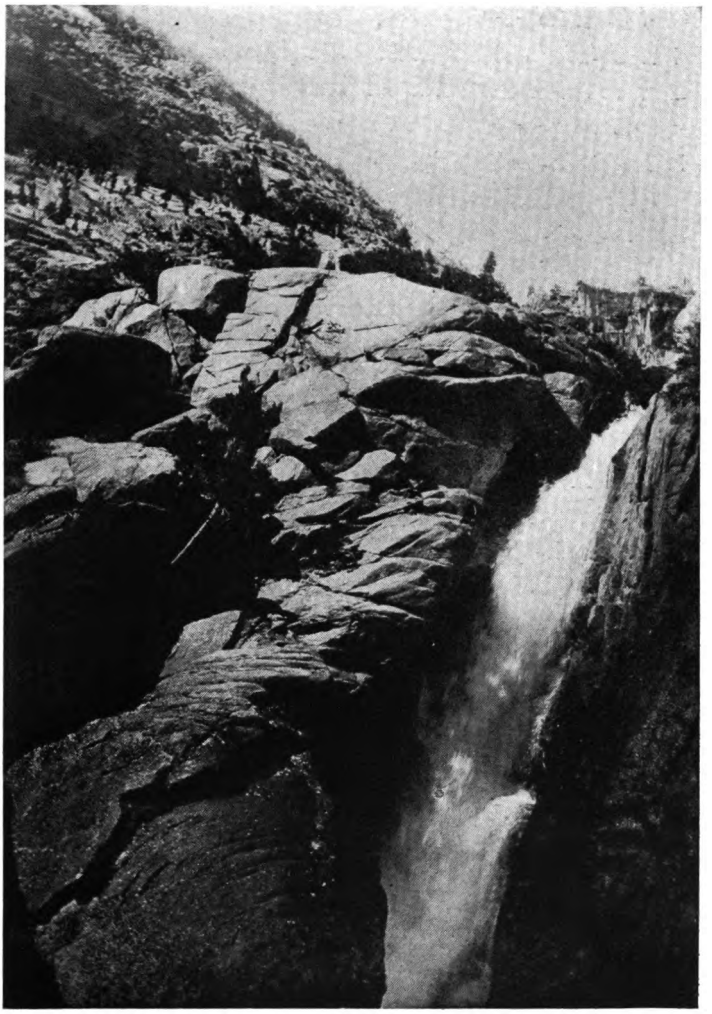

Falls of the Kern-Kaweah.

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handsomely-carved group of mountains, located as it is on the borderland of the grandest cañon on the continent (the Kern), through which flows a river that has more miles of fine trout-fishing than any other mountain stream in California.

Recent trail-work between Mineral King and Kern River Cañon has materially shortened and improved the way to the Kern Lakes and Mt. Whitney. The Government's forest rangers have also completed valuable trail-work between Tule River and the Big Kern. The most important work of this kind laid out for the summer of the present year is the making of a good trail up the Grand Cañon of Kern River and out of the cañon opposite Mt. Whitney, to connect with the present trail to the mountain. This will take the traveler through the grandest scenery in the cañon.

Trail work performed in the mountains last summer by the Visalia Board of Trade has made the Grand Cañon of Kern River and the famous Kings River Cañon readily accessible from the Giant Forest and Visalia. In fact, the shortest and easiest way into Kings River Cañon now is via Visalia and the Giant Forest.

The pin adopted by the Mt. Whitney Club, several of which are now worn, consists of a triangular-shaped piece of polished granite from the summit of Whitney, above a gold base inscribed with the letters " M. W. C."

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A TRIP TO MT. WHITNEY IN 1878.

By Anna Mills Johnston.

THE summer of 1878 is memorable to many of the old settlers as one of excursions to the various mountain resorts of Tulare County. While it was yet winter a party from Porterville and vicinity was formed and plans were made during the next few months. As no ladies had yet made the ascent of the real Mt. Whitney, we determined to be the first to stand on its lofty summit. So anxious was I to begin climbing, that I left Porterville two weeks ahead of the party, going as far as Dillon's Mill. There I spent two weeks peering into Nature's beauties, enjoying the invigorating mountain air and the breath of the pines, which seemed to put new blood into my veins, and nothing in the way of climbing or walking did I consider too difficult to undertake.

One pleasant afternoon in early July, the Porterville party, consisting of Judge R. C. Redd and wife, and two sons, George and Robert, Miss Hope Broughton, Miss Mary Martin, N. B. Martin, and Henry E. Ford, arrived at the mill. Soon all was in readiness, and we started on our journey, traveling four miles through a dense forest of redwood, pine, and fir, when we camped on a little stream. Resuming our journey in the morning, we traveled in an easterly direction through a wild and picturesque country. Higher, higher up we went, and soon began the ascent of Chisel Mountain, one of the loftiest peaks in that section. The ascent required considerable time, and called into requisition the strength of both man and beast.

The surpassing beauty of the view from that peak will always remain with me. In front, and seemingly at our

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feet, lay Tulare Valley, with its broad lake stretched out before us. The course of Tule River, Deer Creek, Outside Creek, and various other streams, with their valleys dotted with grain-fields, orchards, and vineyards, could plainly be traced. On either side and behind us peak after peak towered one above the other, some composed of barren rocks and crowned in snow, while others were clothed in living green from base to summit.

We continued our course over a rough mountain-side without any trail, and descended a steep and rocky cliff into a pretty little valley, where we remained two days, feasting on trout. We traveled from here without any trail, over precipitous mountains, down to Little Kern, along which we journeyed for many miles, sometimes high on the mountain-side and sometimes along the margin of the stream. During the day we saw a deer, but did not succeed in getting him. The sun was still high in the heavens when we reached the sheep-camp of Martin Click, who presented us with a fat mutton ready dressed. (I might add that several years later, Mr. Click married the belle of our party, Miss Hope Broughton.) Crossing Little Kern, we camped for the night on the edge of a flower-decked meadow, hid away amid barren hills. Getting an early start, we crossed a long mountain range with trail scarcely visible. This is the dividing ridge between Little and Big Kern.

Our next camping-place was Trout Meadows, where we spent several pleasant days resting, hunting, and fishing. After making a short side trip to Big Kern Flat on Big Kern River, we pursued a northerly course for about two miles, when we struck the Hockett trail. We were headed for Kern Lakes,—and such a rough, rocky, and precipitous trail as we had to pass over! The scenery is grand, and has only to be seen to be appreciated. Lofty mountain-peaks in every direction tower thousands of feet

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towards the blue heavens, seeming to say that there is something still grander beyond. While wending our way high upon the mountain-side, we saw far below a precipice, over which the water madly rushed, seeking repose in a granite basin a hundred feet below. And Big Kern, with its wealth of ice-cold waters, dashing and foaming over its rocky bed, leaping cataracts, bounding through gaps and gorges, madly pressed its way to the valley below. Words fail to express the joy we felt when we reached the summit and looked down upon Little Kern Lake, a miniature of beauty, nestled so closely to the base of the mountain, as if seeking protection. For a long time we watched the varied reflections in its quiet waters, forgetting for the time the dangerous trail to be traversed before reaching it. As the mountain was so steep, for the first time we dismounted, considering ourselves safer on foot than on horseback. It was not necessary, however, to do much walking. We just slid.

The little lake is circular in form, and at that time its border was free from tules. The larger lake was oblong, and presented an unsightly appearance, many dead trees and rotten logs lying in its limpid waters. On this lake were several small boats, each manned by two fishermen, who were supplying the Owens River country with trout. We camped at the lower end of Runkle's pasture, near a soda spring, about two and one-half miles above the lakes. We found there over thirty people from various parts of Inyo County—as jolly a crowd as one would wish to meet. Pleasant indeed were the evenings spent around the camp-fire, and the excursions made to the various points of interest. Parties making hurried trips to Mt. Whitney and vicinity lose half the pleasure of the outing by not making these side excursions, as many of the most interesting places are off from the main trails. We visited the falls of Volcano (or Whitney) Creek. The lower,

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about a mile east of our camp at the spring, consists of two falls, the first leap being about eighty feet, and the second sixty, terminating in a fine spray, which swayed to and fro in the breeze like an immense white veil. The constant fall of water has worn into the rock a basin, where we found curiously shaped pieces of wood and bark, worn as smooth as glass by the action of the water. The upper fall, a mile still farther east, or a little north of east, is still grander than the lower, having an unbroken descent of over a hundred feet. Between these two falls we caught the largest trout, some of them measuring fifteen inches. Right here I wish to express my sentiments regarding what I consider an act of vandalism perpetrated by the Board of Supervisors of Tulare County in 1883, in granting a franchise allowing the diversion of the waters of this most beautiful stream into Ramshaw Creek, thereby ruining falls which in many respects rival those of Yosemite. This stream was the real home of the golden trout, and between the falls they grew to an enormous size, reaching a length of from fourteen to sixteen inches. But along comes the water-shark, and, aided and abetted by a Board of Supervisors, destroys that which lovers of the beautiful have come thousands of miles to see, and the destruction of which benefits few.

William Crapo, of Cerro Gordo, to whom Clarence King gives the honor of being the first man to stand on the summit of Mt. Whitney, was so delighted to learn that we ladies were going to undertake what was then considered a most hazardous climb, that he offered his services as guide, saying that he wished to have the honor of leading the first party of ladies to the top of the United States.

On the morning of August 1st, in company with Luther Anderson, of Porterville, Kit Carson Johnson, and "Prof. Crapo," as we called him, amid cheers of "Godspeed" from the crowd at the spring, we were off for Mt. Whit-

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ney. Following the Hockett trail, we forded the river and climbed a steep and very high mountain. After crossing the summit, we traveled with difficulty over angular lava rocks for quite a distance, when we came to Whitney Creek. Continuing our journey, we crossed a branch of this creek on a natural bridge some ten or twelve feet wide. A little farther on, after attaining the summit, we passed what seemed to be an extinct volcano having a funnel-shaped edge. The whole country shows the effect of volcanic action, several of the mountains being extinct volcanoes. Leaving the Hockett trail near a cinder mountain, and turning to the left, we continued our course in a northeasterly direction up Whitney Creek, over rough and nearly impassable mountains, through dense forests of tamarack. This stream literally swarmed with golden trout. So numerous were they that we could almost catch them with our hands. Still following the creek for some distance, we turned to the right, passing up a mountain of no great altitude, and began the descent into a most singular-looking valley. My feelings when it flashed into view would be hard to describe. Here the scene changed from grand to sublime; here appeared the loftiest mountains we had yet seen.

This desert, or vast plain of sand, called by some an extinct or dry lake, is locked in on all sides by rock-ribbed mountains whose peaks mount upward among the clouds. One could imagine himself descending into the valley of death and having the gates closed after him. We crossed another mountain and lake-bed of like character, leaving old Mt. Whitney, or Sheep Mountain, several miles to the right, and descended into a meadow, where we camped for the night.

Soon after sunrise on the following morning we were pressing our way over a boggy meadow and along the stream upon which we camped the night before. Then,

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turning north, we wended our way up a steep and rocky mountain without any trail. It was with difficulty that we gained the summit, having to pass over places where the space between us and eternity could be measured by inches. Still pressing our way over mountains and through boggy meadows, we came to an impassable wall of rock, and were obliged to turn back. We then descended a cliff to the edge of a most beautiful lake, the waters of which were so clear that objects could be plainly seen on the bottom. Added to this were the reflections of the pink-tipped peaks and cloud-flecked sky, making a scene of rare beauty. Although quite deep, none of the lakes or streams in that locality contain any fish. Slowly we followed the margin of this lake for quite a distance, admiring the beautiful pictures in its quiet waters, then climbed a rocky cliff, making camp about a quarter of a mile from the summit on the opposite side. We were then in full view and about a mile south of what some call Fisherman's Peak, but what Clarence King describes as Mt. Whitney. In appearance it is oblong, having a gap on either side between it and other mountains of nearly equal magnitude.

A short distance east of our camp was a ledge of rocks over one hundred feet high. Along the ridge can be distinctly traced the effect of glacial action, the rocky slopes in many places being worn as smooth as a mirror. Here the books of Nature are open, and on every page is written the handiwork of the Infinite. Here is presented a world of food for thought, and it can be truly said "the half has never yet been told."

Just before reaching camp my horse took a notion to jump over a small stream, very unexpectedly to me, and my back was so severely injured that I could hardly step without experiencing severe pain. Having been lame from early childhood, everybody said it would be utterly

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impossible for me to climb to the summit of Mt. Whitney. But I was not easily discouraged, and had always held to the idea that I could do what other people could—my surplus of determination making up for what I lacked in the power of locomotion. But now at the eleventh hour, with the Mecca to which I had so long been journeying in full view, to have such a calamity befall me was more than I could bear, and I gave vent to my feelings in tears. Like Moses, I had gotten where I could see the promised land, but the chances for getting there were indeed few. For a long time success or failure seemed to hang in the balance. Never before had I experienced such a profound feeling of disappointment. In that hour of anguish I remembered my sins, and carefully walking to an obscure place, away up there so near heaven, where none but God could hear, I knelt, facing the great mountain, and prayed —prayed as I had not for years; prayed with the spirit and the understanding also. When I had finished the mountain-top seemed closer, and I returned to camp with a much lighter heart.

I did not care for supper, neither did I care to join the party in a game of snowball on a huge snow-bank near by. Rest was what I wanted; so I retired early, and Mrs. Redd bathed my back with "Seven Seals, or Golden Wonder." I thought if a little was good a good deal would be better, and insisted on "gettin' plenty while I was gettin'." During the night I learned where the "Golden Wonder" came in. Such a blister! The wonder to me was that I had any back left. At peep of day I was up and glad to find that the pain had nearly gone. Eating a hurried breakfast, I started alone, soon after five o'clock, for Guitar Lake, where I was to rest and wait for the other members of the party. Climbing over those rocks was no easy task—and how my back did smart and burn! But I did n't mind such trifles when there was so much

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at stake; my heart was set on something higher, and nothing short of the highest point would satisfy me. I would reach that and die if need be.

By the time the crowd arrived I was somewhat rested, and we began the ascent of what is called the "Devil's Ladder," which is nearly perpendicular for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and from forty to fifty feet wide. Emerging from this, we paused to rest and drink in the far-sighted view. Nestled close to the base of the opposite mountains were many pretty lakelets, and the peaks which before looked so high began to assume smaller proportions. The shapes of the rocks, too, were changed; instead of being oval, like those in the crevices below, they were angular in shape, many of them being very large. Up over these we had to crawl, or leap from one to another. The exertion of climbing, together with the lightness of the air, made breathing difficult. We passed over the snow-belt, about an eighth of a mile through, with ease, and from there on had no trouble in gaining the summit.

Walking over to the monument, we planted the Stars and Stripes on its topmost point (I doubt if "Old Glory" ever waved from a grander flagstaff); then we sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The acoustic properties being so perfect, we sang with ease, notwithstanding the lightness of the air.

The supreme joy I felt when I realized that my prayer had been answered, and that I was at last really standing on the summit of Mt. Whitney, knew no bounds. For the time being I forgot that I ever was tired; one glance was enough to compensate for all the trials of the trip. The day was perfect, and so were the surroundings. How strange it seemed to be standing on the highest point in the United States, and looking off for a distance of seventy miles down into Death Valley, the lowest point!

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How strange, too, it seemed, after spending so many weeks in the mountains, to look up and see nothing but the blue-vaulted heavens! Oh, what an inspiration it was to look from that magnificent peak on the grand panorama of mountains, reaching from beyond the Yosemite to San Bernardino! Range after range in every direction, peak on peak, comprising almost limitless forms, rise one above the other, each striving for the mastery. Stepping near the eastern edge, I looked down a sheer descent of three thousand feet on a small lakelet, partially covered with snow and ice. Still farther east lay Owens River Valley, with its sparkling lake, winding river, and golden fields of grain. Every road and trail could be plainly seen, and, looking through the glasses, we could see the buildings at Lone Pine and Independence.

After feasting for several hours on the glory of our surroundings, we returned to the monument, where we examined the records of Clarence King, Lieutenant Wheeler and party, and others. We found recorded there the names of several people from Inyo County and a number from the Eastern States, but only one Tularean —Frank Knowles, who accompanied King on his first trip. We also found several pieces of silver money, but I have heard it hinted that none of it has been seen since our party left! After placing our record in the monument, we very reluctantly took a last lingering look, then descended the mountain, reaching camp just before sunset.

Early the following morning we turned our faces homeward, traveling over an unknown route, rough in the extreme, towards the head-waters of Kern River. Before the sun was very high we came in sight of the river about four miles below us, but how to get there was the puzzling question. It seemed almost impossible. But we were accustomed to overcoming difficulties, and did not propose to give up at this stage of the game. All

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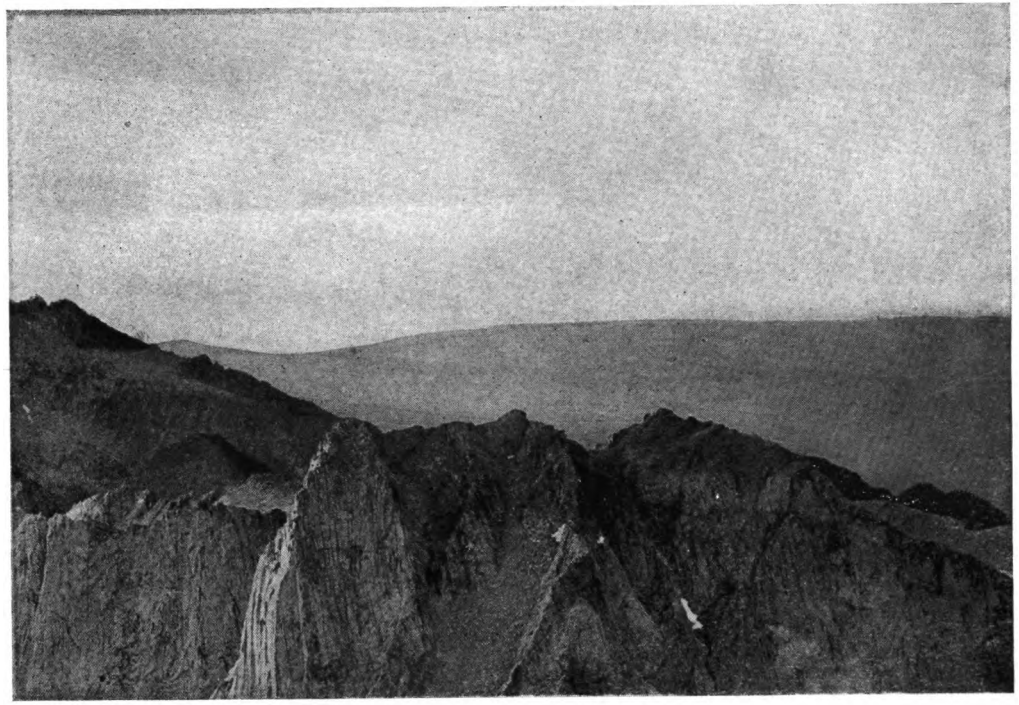

Owens Lake Valley and a Spur of the Sierras — From Mt. Whitney.

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hands dismounted and took it on foot down the mountain, over rocks, through brush, and up cliffs, which seemed impassable for an animal (or an Anna Mills) to travel over. After trying several routes, and being compelled each time to turn back on account of precipitous bluffs and impassable streams, we at last found a pass and descended to the river, where we camped for the night.

We made the rest of our trip home by way of Kern River Cañon, Soda Springs, and Dillon's Mills, arriving at Porterville on the evening of August 9th.

To me it seems that the grandest mountain scenery in this State is Kern River Cañon. King's River Cañon cannot compare with it, in my estimation. The width at the bottom varies from less than a quarter of a mile to a mile for a distance of over thirty miles. In some places it is covered with a thick growth of timber, and in others with verdant meadows. The mountains on either side tower above the river-bed from three to six thousand feet. In many places precipitous faces of rock, noticeable for their similarity to each other, look as if they had been rent in twain for the sole purpose of permitting the river to pass through. On either side, at short intervals for a distance of over twenty miles, are cascades, or falls, plunging from precipices varying in height from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet. One in particular could be traced as far as the eye could reach.

For two days we journeyed through this magnificent cañon, and it would be difficult to say what part of it is the most enjoyable. There is something grand, sublime, inspiring about it. So narrow is it in places, and the walls so high, that the sun reaches the river only for a few hours in the middle of the day. The flowers and ferns seem modest and shy, peeping out from behind moss-covered rocks. The birds, too, imbued with a feeling of awe, sing and twitter in subdued tones. One feels

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as if in a great cathedral, where it would be sacrilege to speak above a whisper. The beauty and grandeur of this king of cañons so impresses you that you know you feel that God is there.

In conclusion, let me say that since my visit to Mt. Whitney, nearly a quarter of a century ago, it has been my privilege to visit the various mountain regions in this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Alaska to the Rio Grande, and to scale the volcanic mountains of Hawaii. I have also crossed the watershed of the Bavarian Alps, traversed the Austrian Tyrol, visited the German, Italian, and Swiss Alps, and gazed with admiration on the beauties of the Matterhorn and Jungfrau. Yet I can candidly say that I have never seen, nor do I ever expect to see, a picture so varied, so sublime, so awe-inspiring, as that seen from the summit of Mt. Whitney on the third day of August, 1878.

In 1890 Neal Van Dorman felled one of the mammoth sequoias of Tulare County, then growing about forty-five miles east of Visalia at an altitude of over six thousand feet. This tree was ninety-one feet in circumference at the base, and sections of it were taken to the Eastern States for exhibition. These sections weighed seventy thousand pounds, and were transported on three flat-cars.

In the summer of 1890 Rev. F. H. Wales, then living at Tulare, proposed to conduct a party to Mt. Whitney, and advertised as an attraction lectures on the mineralogy, geology, and botany of the region to be traversed.

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CLIMBING MT. WHITNEY.

By Emily F. Stewart.*

AUGUST 19, 1899, we made the ascent of Mt. Whitney. We arose early, for we expected to start from our camp at Crabtree Meadows at 8:30, but the horses ran away, and we had quite a little trouble getting them; so we did not get started till about 9. It was so cold up there that in less than a half hour the water in the bucket was frozen over. At last the riding horses were saddled, and the little donkey which I rode also. We started off on a pretty good trail, but for about forty or fifty feet we went over solid granite rock, which was worn smooth by glaciers. We could see long rows of polished granite which looked like rows of seats. At last we were at the base of Mt. Whitney, that great, large mountain we were to climb. I had not expected it to be quite so bare. There were two little lakes and a little meadow at the base of the mountain, where we staked our horses.

We all had long sticks, which we used as alpenstocks to help us climb the mountain. We had to stop and rest every few minutes, for we got tired so soon. It was about 11 o'clock when we started to climb Mt. Whitney. The trail up to the Devil's Ladder was not difficult. When we got to Kris Kringle's Cave, we ate a little lunch which we had brought with us. We did not enjoy our lunch very much, for there was danger of falling.

We went over a rather hard trail, but we got along all right. It was not far from the summit of Mt. Whitney where we saw near the trail little patches of snow. They

* The youngest member of the Club, who made the ascent of Mt. Whitney when six years old.

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were a little over a foot high and came to a point at the top. There were about three dozen of these little patches in a body.

Part of our party went ahead. The reason for this was that I very often had to be lifted over high rocks in the trail, and therefore went slower than the others. Papa, mama, and the cook stayed back with me. We who were behind wished we were with the others, for they were nearer the top of the mountain. Those who went on ahead got to the top quite a while before we did. It took those who were behind with me five hours to ascend Mt. Whitney and two hours to descend it.

The view from the top of Whitney was grand. We could see Table Mountain, Mt. Williamson, Mt. Le Conte, Mt. Brewer, and many others nearly as high as Whitney. We could see down on the other side of Whitney little lakes and Owens River and a railroad-track, the town of Lone Pine and a number of farmhouses. I had my picture taken on the top of Whitney with the American flag, but the picture did not turn out good. We stayed on top of Whitney one hour, and we started to descend the mountain at 5. Nothing in particular happened going down.

We arrived at the bottom of Whitney at 7, but we yet had a four-mile ride in the dark and cold. Once on our way back to Crabtree Meadows my donkey which I was on jumped a log and nearly threw me over the horn of the saddle.

One thing I will never forget was the moon that night. We could look back over our shoulders and see a bright full moon coming up over the mountains. We got to Crabtree Meadows at 9 o'clock. I was so tired and sleepy that I went to bed right away, and had a supper of "flapjacks" in bed.

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MT. SILLIMAN.

By S. L. N. Ellis.

A PROMISE has summoned memory, not always reliable, to the task of collecting pleasant recollections of boyhood's rambles in the region between the heads of the Marble Fork of the Kaweah and Sugar Loaf Creek and the extreme western branch of Roaring River, or Cloudy River, which in turn empties into the south fork of Kings River in the Grand Cañon. If you will look east of northeast from any open point near Visalia, you will see a sharp, rugged, saw-toothed granite peak—and this is Mt. Silliman. It is the last, to the north, of a series of high peaks which one may see any clear day to the east of Visalia. Mt. Silliman is in the extreme northeast corner of the Sequoia National Park, and no more fitting guard will ever do sentry duty for "Uncle Sam" at this point.

In order to reach the summit of this mountain, first go to Giant Forest and there take the new trail to Kings River Cañon. Follow this until you have crossed the Marble Fork and come to a dry meadow on the summit of the ridge which parallels the Marble Fork; here turn eastward, following the ridge for some distance, and then crossing the southern slopes of the mountain, bearing upward all the time. By so doing you can ride nearly to the summit.

To me Mt. Silliman has many very kind remembrances. Well do I remember working hard at fence-building for a couple of weeks in the month of June, 1876, for which my promised compensation was the companionship of a rugged, sturdy old mountaineer, by the name of James R.

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Guttry, for a week or ten days' deer-hunting in the mountains. At Eshom Valley we were joined by an Indian, then commonly known as "Lud's Bill," but now as "Eshom Bill." We left Eshom Valley on the morning of July 5th, and traveled eastward up the rough, rocky ridge between the Marble Fork and the North Fork of the Kaweah, making our first night's camp at what is now called Halstead Meadows; thence we rode northeastward through Tamarack Swamp, now Pond Meadow, and across to Cahoon Meadow, now called Wet Meadow, and near the western base of Mt. Silliman. For nearly two days I had looked at and watched the sharp granite peak ahead, and my mind was thoroughly decided that I would climb to its summit. I asked both my companions to join me, but both were more intent on securing plenty of good venison "jerky" than peak-climbing; but at last both consented to accompany me as soon as we had killed fifteen deer and the meat was drying. As deer were very plentiful and not wild, the necessary number were soon got into camp—I think in three days.

I shall not soon forget how eagerly I got out of bed the morning we were to try for the summit. Not knowing the country at all, we determined on following up Silliman Creek, which I know now to be a very laborious climb. We followed the creek until we reached a sheer wall, and here we turned southward and climbed to the summit of a knife-edge ridge, and this we followed up to the summit. But in my eagerness I left my older companions, who preferred "taking their time," as they called it, and pushed on to the top some fifteen or twenty minutes ahead of them. I gazed, and almost dreamed, it seems to me, of the peaks and cañons which met my view from this my first High Sierra peak. No names of mountains were then known to me; even the summit on which I stood was "that high granite peak," and to Indian Bill

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"Grande Dumptaw," a mixture of Spanish and Indian, meaning "great mountain." From here I had my first view of Mts. King and Gardiner, Table Mountain, and many other peaks, among which I have since spent many pleasant summer vacations, both hunting and traveling; and I believe that my first view from Mt. Silliman had much to do with creating an enthusiasm within me for our mountains, which becomes deeper and deeper as I know them better.

Few points so easy of access furnish the panoramic view that one may obtain from this summit. From here may be seen not only the Kings River country and Kaweah slopes, but on a clear day one may look out across the San Joaquin Valley to the Coast Range. But—pardon me—back to my first trip: After eating our lunch and gazing around, we determined to go back to camp. Beneath us and to the northwest was a small lake, and I wanted to return by it, but "Uncle Jim," as I called Guttry, said he had seen plenty of mountain lakes, and that it was farther that way to camp; so I induced the Indian to go with me. We had a steep, rough climb down the wall, and at last we stood near the lake, probably one hundred yards away. Here I noticed that my companion seemed nervous and thoughtful, and on inquiring the reason he answered, "Bad water; kill Injun." And on pressing him further I found that he thought if any part of his body were to touch the lake that he would be forcibly drawn or pulled by some unseen force into the water and drowned. I laughed at him and started for the lake to disprove his ideas, and I shall not soon forget the frightened and terrified expression of his face as I washed my hands and drank from the lake; but even this would not convince him that the lake was harmless, for he said, "May be all right white man; kill Injun, sure." I asked him the Indian name for the bad lake, as he called it, and he said

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Pah-cheet. The meaning I could not learn from him. He told me a story about a crippled deer going into the lake and its being pulled under, and that it never came up; also, that two Indians were killed the same way, and that another only escaped by crawling into a hollow log. That was twenty-five years ago, but he still has a dread of that lake. My son Leonard and I met him recently, and I opened the subject again; but Bill will never get drowned in that lake, for he is just as much afraid of it now as then.

It was on the northwest flank of Silliman that I met and helped kill the only wild grizzly bear that I ever saw, and there, also, that I first made the acquaintance of my little friend the Rocky Mountain pika, or chief hare. He is a miniature hare, being only six or seven inches long, with long ears, a regular bunt, a tail not more than a half inch in length, and with coloring very much like our common jack-rabbit. Away up here at an altitude of 8,000 feet and upwards, above the timber, he greets you with a series of short, jerky barks, or whistles, as he jumps from rock to rock, for he is a frisky, nervous creature. He is to our higher slopes what the water-ousel is to the streams —busy, busy all the time; busy carrying his little wisp of bunchgrass, for up here, where nearly half the year his home is buried deep under the snow, he must necessarily make hay while the sun shines. Often, as one climbs on some stone, his cry will be heard away down in some crevice below, or his head may be seen bobbing up only a few feet away. Too small for human food, he is seldom molested by man; but Mr. Weasel chases him here and there, over stones, under stones, and around and around, until he finally gets him. I have witnessed several races, which usually ended in the death of my friend, and I sometimes think that it is because of this that I enjoy shooting weasels. Don't forget to watch for Mr. Pika

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when next you climb some high peak. He will entertain you. I met him on Whitney's slopes, on Mts. Goddard, Tyndall and Brewer, and in fact on nearly all high peaks that I have climbed.

There are many other pleasant memories that occur to me, but they more properly belong to the camp-fire or a hunter's yarns; so, with a parting thought of "Eshom Bill" and the little Lake Pah-cheet on the head of Clover Creek and closely hugged by two of Mt. Silliman's sheer walls—enough for this time.

Mt. Vandever, one of the well-known peaks of the Sierra in Tulare County, was named in 1890 for General Vandever, who then represented the southernmost district of California in Congress, and to whose efforts is due the passage of the act creating the Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant National Parks.

The first outing under the auspices of the Mt. Whitney Club is proposed for the summer of 1903. The Outing Committee has other important work in hand at present.

The report of the Committee on Nomenclature promises to be an important feature of the next issue of the MT. WHITNEY CLUB JOURNAL.

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MT. WHITNEY CLUB JOURNAL.

Free to Members. Annual dues, $1.00.

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ORGANIZATION OF THE MT. WHITNEY CLUB AND LIST OF MEMBERS.

The preliminary meeting for the purpose of organizing the Mt. Whitney Club was held in Visalia, California, on the evening of May 11, 1901, and on the 25th of the same month the organization was perfected.

The objects of the association are: To aid in making Mt. Whitney — the crown of the Sierras — and the adjacent mountain region better known to the world; to assist in mapping the Mt. Whitney region (embracing the watersheds of the Kings, Kaweah, Kern, and Owens Rivers) and in naming the streams, lakes, meadows, pinnacles, peaks, and other natural objects therein for the purpose of identification; to promote the building of trails and roads, and the placing in proper places of guide-boards, giving directions, distances, altitudes, or other necessary information; to collect and exhibit views and objects of interest from the Mt. Whitney region; to encourage the preparation and dissemination of literature descriptive of that region; to publish a journal, and to issue, at times, special bulletins, containing information valuable to explorers, campers, tourists, and the public; to stimulate a love for our mountains and their majestic scenery.

The members of the club consist of those who have made the ascent of Mt. Whitney and who subscribe to the by-laws or authorize their names to be subscribed thereto.

The following-named officers were elected and members of committees appointed for first club year: President, Geo. W. Stewart; First Vice-President, W. B. Wallace; Second Vice-President, Anna Mills Johnston; Corresponding Secretary, Susman Mitchell; Recording Secretary, Morley M. Maddox; Treasurer, S. L. N. Ellis.

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Adams, Owen S. . . . . Berkeley, Cal.
Barton, Frank F. . . . . Visalia, Cal.
Boynton, J. M. . . . . Visalia, Cal.
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Stewart, Emily F. . . . . Visalia, Cal.
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OUR CLUB.

It is fitting that an organization having for its objects, or among its principal objects, the making of the Mt. Whitney region better known to the world, the preparation and dissemination of literature descriptive of that region, the mapping of the same, the promotion of the building of roads and trails thereto and therein, and the stimulation of a love for our mountains and their majestic scenery, should have its birthplace in Visalia; for it was here that the idea of establishing the great Sierra Forest Reserve originated, and here was made the first organized effort having this end in view—a movement which has developed into a national policy of forest preservation which has now reserved from disposition a total of 38,000,000 acres in many States and Territories.

It was in Visalia, and by Visalians also, that the first steps toward the establishment of the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks were taken. By persistent efforts and the aid of prominent persons in California and elsewhere in the United States, and with the assistance of a very small portion of the press, this work was finally accomplished.

Love for our grand Sierras with their "eternal tents of snow" and their matchless sequoia forests is not less ardent, but is more universal, now than when the first hard battle for the preservation of the latter was fought and won. The Government's policy of forest protection and reforestation of denuded areas is now practically without opposition. And when the same shall have been longer in operation, and its methods perfected; when the natural beauties of the former wooded areas shall have been restored, as

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they will be; then will thousands and tens of thousands turn gladly each summer to the mountains with their leaf-canopied aisles, their flowered meadows, their wild cañons, and their trout-abounding streams and lakes.

Naturally the most enthusiastic lovers of the mountains are those who penetrate farthest into their recesses and scale their tallest crests. And the top of Mt. Whitney being the highest point in the range, as well as the loftiest spot in the United States, and so situated that none may attain it without at least an introduction to the countless charms of the Sierras, membership in the Mt. Whitney Club is limited to those who have stood upon the summit of this chief of American mountains.

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Volume I—Number 2

Mt. Whitney Club Journal

May, 1903

Visalia, California

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Mt. Whitney Club Journal.

Published by and for Club members.

Editors: Geo. W. Stewart, Ben M. Maddox, Harry G. Stuart.

Contents—May, 1903.

The Country of the Golden Trout . . . *Theodore H. Hittell* . . . 41
Outfitting for a Mountain Trip, with Suggestions for Women . . . *Geo. W. Stewart*, *Mrs. G. W. Stewart* . . . 47
Trails Into the Mt. Whitney and Kern River Regions . . . *P. M. Norboe* . . . 60
Forestry Legislation Needed . . . *C. S. Newhall* . . . 72
Itinerary of Trip to Mt. Whitney . . . *Ben M. Maddox* . . . 75
Mt. Whitney . . . *Geo. W. Stewart* . . . 79
Important Trail Work . . . 83
Club Officers—Purposes of Club—New Members . . . 86-87
Our Club . . . 88
A Welcome Extended . . . 89
More Forest Reserves . . . 89

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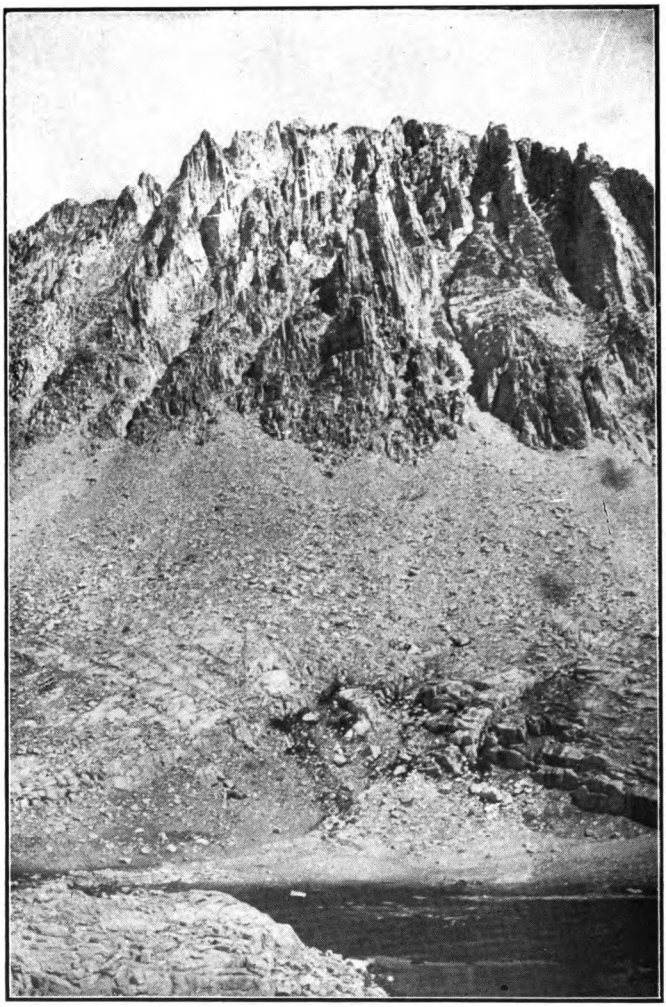

Whitney Spires—Northwest Face of Mt. Whitney.
(From photograph by P. M. Norboe.)

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MT. WHITNEY CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. I. VISALIA, CALIFORNIA: MAY, 1903. No. 2.

THE COUNTRY OF THE GOLDEN TROUT.

BY THEODORE H. HITTELL.

THE golden trout is one of the handsomest and most interesting of all the trout in the world. It is not a large fish, usually not more than six or eight inches in length, though considerably larger ones are said to have been caught. It derives its name from its brilliant golden-yellow color, resembling that of a double-eagle, of the present standard, newly coined from the United States mint. In some cases nearly the entire fish is of this bright color; but in others it is only the under parts that are so colored, while the back is more of an olive brown and sometimes dark brown. It seems to be a native of only one stream, known as Whitney Creek; but there are said to be some of them in other streams of the same general neighborhood. The taste of its flesh does not differ much from that of the common brook trout, though there are many persons who think it sweeter and more delicate.

No very definite reason can as yet be given why the golden trout has its golden color; but it is doubtless, to some extent at least, on account of the environment in which it lives. As the fish itself is one of the most beautiful in the world, so is the country of which it is a native one of the most charming and delightful. The time is undoubtedly rapidly approaching when the present great

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abundance of the fish will become exhausted; for it is too beautiful, too savory, and too easily caught to last long; but the attractiveness in a scenic and climatic point of view of the country which constitutes its habitat will continue unchanged, and for ages will be a chosen region for the lovers of what is most strange and out of the ordinary, but at the same time most pleasant, picturesque, and enchanting, of mountain composition.

Whitney Creek, which was so named for the reason that it was supposed to head near one of the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada, originally called Mt. Whitney, is only about twenty miles long from its source to its mouth in Kern River. It collects in many trickling rills from the highest glaciers and snow-fields, and runs in a general southwesterly direction over a wonderfully wild and fascinating plateau. In the course of three or four miles from its head it reaches what are known as the Whitney Meadows, through which it meanders for a mile or two, and then flows for some four or five miles, with comparatively gentle descent, down a yellow-colored, rocky bed, having many little pools. It then, at about the middle of its entire length, passes by several red-colored volcanic cones, and thence, bending more westerly, runs for the rest of its course along or through a comparatively recent lava-flow, poured out from the now extinct craters. As the stream approaches Kern River it plunges down a very narrow gorge, with many rapids or cascades, and one fall, about a mile above its mouth, which is several hundred feet in sheer height and very beautiful.

The real head of Whitney Creek seems to be that remarkable point of what is called the "High Sierras" that constitutes its southerly end. It is not Mt. Whitney proper, nor Old Mt. Whitney, but an elevation of peculiar form, which, on account of its circle of pinnacles, is called Cirque Peak. Mt. Whitney proper, the highest point in

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the United States, not counting Alaska, has an elevation of 14,898 feet, and is in latitude 36° 35′. Old Mt. Whitney, now called Sheep Mountain, lies about four miles southeast of Mt. Whitney proper, and is three or four hundred feet lower. Cirque Peak, at or near which the so-called High Sierra region ends, lies some three or four miles south of Sheep Mountain, with a height of some hundreds of feet less; and from there the altitude of the High Sierras drops rapidly.

It is from the glaciers and snow-fields near the summit of Cirque Peak, as already stated, or from elevations of nearly fourteen thousand feet, that Whitney Creek takes its rise, and in the course of four or five miles falls to Whitney Meadows. These Meadows are said on the map to be only 8,570 feet above sea-level, but they are probably considerably higher. The trail from Mt. Whitney to Whitney Meadows passes through a wild, rocky, wind-swept gap, about three miles a little south of west from Cirque Peak and a mile or two northwest of Whitney Meadows; and there the altitude is given as 10,300 feet. There is, it is true, a considerable descent from the gap to Whitney Meadows; but it is not likely to be near as much as the figures given would seem to indicate. Besides, the elevation of Whitney Creek, just above where it passes the extinct volcanic craters before referred to, is given as 8,530 feet. This would make the fall of the creek from the meadows to the craters, a distance of some four or five miles, only forty feet, which is certainly much too little. It is not to be disputed that there is no rapid fall between those two points; but there is a continuous descent and many little falls among the yellow rocks; so that it is likely that Whitney Meadows are considerably higher than 8,570 feet,—perhaps as much as five hundred feet higher.

Between the craters and Kern River, a distance of some

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ten miles, the fall is more precipitous and rapid. Near the craters there are several small meadows, where the stream is still comparatively gentle; but it soon commences cutting into the lava-beds and brawls along with violence. Some six or seven miles below, or about three miles from Kern River, it cuts deeply into the lava, and one of its little tributaries plunges for a short distance under the surface of the rocks, forming what is called the "Natural Bridge," an exceedingly interesting arch, over which the trail passes. From there the stream pitches with great rapidity, and with a descent of nearly two thousand feet in two or three miles, to Kern River, which it enters just above Soda Springs, where the elevation above sea-level is given at 6,300 feet. In the upper part of the course of the stream there are few trees; but a few miles above the craters the forest commences, and its whole lower course is among large and beautiful trees.

A remarkable circumstance about this interesting stream is the fact that just before reaching the craters, where it makes a bend toward the west, it is approached to within a few hundred feet by what is known as the South Fork of Kern River. This South Fork heads considerably south of Whitney Creek and runs more nearly west in general direction to the point of proximity. There it bends around the first crater; and then, turning southeast, it runs through extensive meadows, from which it pursues a long and tortuous course, and only reaches Kern River some forty miles below. At the point of proximity the bend of the South Fork is nearly at the same level as that of Whitney Creek; and this fact some years ago induced persons interested in the meadows of the South Fork to make an attempt to divert the waters of Whitney Creek into that stream. For this purpose they constructed a dam in Whitney Creek some mile or two above the point of proximity, dug a canal along the side

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of, but a little higher than, the stream down to that point, and there bored a tunnel through the intervening ground, so as to carry the water into the South Fork. They succeeded in diverting Whitney Creek through the tunnel for a short time; but legal and other complications arose, and the project had to be, or at least was, abandoned. Their old dam, now broken and ruined, their old tunnel, now choked and fallen in, and their old canal, now partly leveled and entirely dry, still remain; but the waters of Whitney Creek again flow, and probably will continue to flow, in their old channel.

But the junction of the two streams, while it lasted, had a curious effect in mixing up the two varieties of trout that found their home in the separate waters. The South Fork trout were not golden trout, but of a different variety, more like the darker rainbow trout of Kern River; and some of these, as it would appear, ran through the tunnel and canal into Whitney Creek, while some of the golden trout of Whitney Creek ran into the South Fork. The result was, to a greater or less degree, a mixture of the two varieties; so that some of the golden trout of Whitney Creek become browner, and some of the South Fork trout become more golden, than would otherwise have been the case. It seems likely that the strain thus introduced will in time be eliminated in both cases; and that in the course of a few years, while the South Fork trout will lose their tinge of yellow, the Whitney Creek trout will get rid of whatever of mulatto complexion they have taken on, and regain their pristine golden magnificence.

But it is the glorious country, above briefly sketched, that makes one who has enjoyed it sigh to get back to it. Doubtless in the winter season it is cold and bleak enough; but in the summer or outing season what can be more charming? It is not an easy trip to reach it

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(though in going to and coming from it last August we enjoyed every step of the way); but surely there is nothing in any other part of the mountains to excel its summer climate or to equal the scenic grandeur and beauty of all that portion of the High Sierras, of which it forms so conspicuous and interesting a part.

February, 1903.

The War Department announces that sheep will not be permitted to trespass hereafter in the Mt. Whitney Military Reservation. This will save the feed in the meadows of that reservation for the use of campers.

Captain Frank A. Barton, Third U. S. Cavalry, who was Acting Superintendent of the Sequoia and General Grant national parks during the summer of 1902, proved to be a most efficient officer in every way. He had several miles of splendid trail-work done, and did more than any of his predecessors to prevent the killing of game within the parks.

The Board of Supervisors of Tulare County, California, have been wide-awake to the advantages of opening up the mountains to tourist travel. But for their public spirit and liberality it would not be possible for large parties to visit at this time the grandest portion of Kern River Cañon and Mt. Whitney, the latter on and the former within the eastern boundary of the county. Through appropriations made by them these points have been made accessible over fairly good mountain trails, which are yet to receive further improvement.

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OUTFITTING FOR A MOUNTAIN TRIP.

By Geo. W. Stewart.

IN preparing for a trip into the mountains the matter of transportation is of first importance, for want of experience or forethought in this regard may mar an outing that would otherwise be enjoyable.

If the journey is to be made over trails, pack-animals must be depended upon. Mules are usually the most satisfactory for packing, but horses answer well also. Burros will do if the journey is to be made on foot, but as a rule they are too slow to keep pace with a mixed train of horses and mules, although occasionally one is found that is a good traveler.

If the entire outfit is hired for the trip and managed by an experienced packer, these matters of detail need not worry the traveler. What is here written is for those who make their own preparations.

Animals accustomed to the mountains are to be preferred, of course, but others soon get used to the trails, and learn to keep their places in the train.

The pack-saddles should be fitted to the animals with care. Do not place a saddle with a narrow tree on a broad-backed animal, or one with a flaring tree on an animal with a narrow back. Care in this regard will save much trouble, likewise much suffering to the animals, by preventing unnecessary chafing under ill-fitting saddles. Plenty of blanketing should be used under the saddles. There is no economy in small or thin blankets.

An experienced packer should be engaged for the trip, or more than one if several animals are used. If this cannot be done, employ one until the art of packing is learned.

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An incompetent packer will cause much unnecessary delay and needless suffering to the animals.

Of the several hitches used for lashing packs,—the diamond, squaw, box, miner's, etc.,—the first-named is the favorite, but any one is good in the hands of an expert. Learn some one of them thoroughly from a competent teacher.

If riding-horses are used, good blankets should be placed under the saddles, and the bridles should be fitted to the horses' heads. Bridles may be adjusted in a few moments when necessary, and the animals thereby relieved of much annoyance.

Saddles on both riding- and pack-animals should be kept snugly cinched. It is no kindness to an animal to ride or pack over a mountain trail with a loose cinch, as the movement thereby permitted will cause chafing, which will soon result in a raw back.

Breast-straps and breechings are often used with pack-saddles, but unless the animal is abnormally proportioned a double cinch is preferable. The former will keep a pack from sliding forward or backward to any great extent, though the cinch be slack, whereas, without the breast-strap and breeching, a loose cinch will be quickly noticed and remedied. When a cinch is loose, stop and tighten it at once, even if repacking be necessary. Time will be saved by it, and the animal's good condition depends upon constant care in this particular.

For packing use the canvas or rawhide bags, usually called "kyaks" (spelled also "cuyaxes" and "cuyacks"). These are hung upon the saddle and strapped together, and are more satisfactory than slings (ropes suspended from the forks of the pack-saddle), which can be used successfully only by experienced packers. The former are a trifle more expensive, but are cheaper in the end. Boxes of proper size which may be divided into compart-

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ments are excellent for carrying some classes of supplies, and it would be well to have at least one such pack in a party.

To provide for accidents, there should be carried an extra cinch, lash-cinch, plenty of tie-ropes long enough for lead-ropes if necessary, and longer ones which may be used for picketing animals and for lash-ropes in packing. In a strong canvas bag should be carried also an extra cinch-strap, one or two extra cinch rings and cinch hooks, a supply of smaller rings and snaps, rivets, a punch, awls, strip of buckskin, extra horse- or mule-shoes and nails, hammer, strong twine, wire-nippers, screw-nails, tacks, etc.

There should also be taken a few pairs of hobbles, one or two bells with neck-straps, a can of horse vaseline, and, if possible, salt for the animals.

COOKING AND MESS OUTFIT.

The cooking and mess outfit should be kept together and packed on one animal, usually known as the kitchen-horse (or mule), and for a party of six should consist of a large coffee-pot (and a smaller tea-pot if desired), three frying-pans, two or three stew-pans or kettles, two water-buckets, a salt-can, a pepper-can, a half-dozen dishes of assorted sizes, a sugar-cup, a milk-pitcher, a syrup-jug, a half-dozen each of granite-ware or white porcelain-lined plates, cups and saucers, and bowls (for mush or soup); also the same number of knives, forks, and tablespoons, two good butcher-knives, a ladle, two large iron spoons, one long fork, a strainer, a can-opener, a dish-pan, two milk-pans, three extra tin plates and tin cups, a Dutch oven or patent bake-pans, one short shovel, an ax, a hatchet, a lantern, a package of matches, two pounds (four bars) borax soap, four pounds (five bars) best savon, two pounds (two bars) sand-soap (for scouring

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outside of pots and kettles), twenty-five cents' worth of candles, three asbestos mats, five hundred paper napkins, ten cents' worth of oiled paper for wrapping lunches, table-cloth of oil cloth, dish-cloths, dish-towels. One of the buckets should be kept for holding water only, and should not be placed on the fire, and should be smaller than the other, so as to fit inside when packed. The dishes, cups, etc., should nest within each other, to economize space.

The cooking-place usually consists of a small hole or trench dug in the ground, or two or more rocks placed side by side a few inches apart. A few iron rods to set across the trench or rocks above the fire will prove a great help to the cook. Pairs of iron rods sharpened at the points and bent into this shape ⌐¬, when driven into the ground, are excellent for frying-pans and pots to rest on when cooking is being done. The cook has much to contend with in cooking over an open fire, and all the conveniences that may be transported readily should be taken for his use.

BEDDING.

At a high altitude frost may be expected any or every night, and as one may, or should, sleep in the open air, it is well to provide enough bedding. Sleeping-bags are excellent, and may be made to suit one's fancy. One of eider-down is lightest and warmest. Two pairs of good double blankets and two quilts, or the equivalent of the same in warmth, are not too much for one person, or two sleeping together, on the coldest nights likely to be experienced in the latter part of summer or early fall. Earlier in the season less may be needed. Quilts of the best quality are lightest and warmest, and roll into smaller compass than the heavier ones. Inflatable mattresses and pillows are the acme of comfort for mountain trips and

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roll into small space when deflated. Folding cots are convenient, but cold to sleep on unless abundantly supplied with bedding. The same is true of hammocks, although they answer well in the warmer altitudes for those accustomed to them. Ordinary bedding may be converted into comfortable sleeping-bags by fastening together with blanket-pins the quilts and blankets at the bottom and part way up the sides, or all the way up one side and part way up the other. A piece of canvas or duck larger than the bed should be placed on the ground under it, and the bed should be rolled within the same when ready for packing. A rubber blanket for covering should be used if rainy weather is to be expected.

WHAT TO WEAR.

The camper should be provided with a durable suit of clothes of any material to which dry seeds and "stickers" will not readily adhere, two strong colored shirts, two suits of winter underwear, extra pairs of warm socks, several handkerchiefs, a serviceable hat, gauntlet gloves, leggings of some serviceable material, or top boots, a vest, and a sweater or coat. An overcoat is unnecessary. Boots should be worn and well fitted to the feet before starting, and should have thick soles into which should be driven hob-nails or round-headed tacks to facilitate mountain climbing. If long stays are to be made in camp a lighter pair may be taken.

PERSONAL EFFECTS.

Valises and grips should be left at home. Each person should be supplied with a clothing-bag or bags. These receptacles, called ditty-, dunnage-, or duffle-bags, of duck, denim, or other equally serviceable material, to be convenient, should not be more than two feet long and fifteen inches wide, and may be smaller. Two small ones are

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better than one immense unshapely one, heavy and difficult to pack. If little traveling is to be done, a large dunnage-bag, of sufficient size to hold bedding, clothing, and other personal effects, may be used; but if any packing is to be done the length should in no case exceed three feet. A folding retainer, opening out flat when untied and rolled into the shape of a dunnage-bag when ready for packing, is convenient. Clothing should be placed in the dunnage-bag or retainer lengthwise, and never rolled separately and stuffed in, else the lash-rope confining the packs may work down between the wads of rolled bundles, and thus become slack, resulting in the loosening of the whole pack, and necessitating repacking and unnecessary delay. In the dunnage-bags may be carried soap, comb, brush, towels, writing-paper and envelopes, shaving outfit (although little shaving is done in the mountains), needle and thread, extra buttons, looking-glass if desired, and other small articles.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

About the person should be carried a note-book, short lead-pencils (long ones are easily lost), folding pocket-cup, or one the handle of which will slip over the belt, a strong pocket-knife, safety pins, a match-safe (always well filled), and colored glasses if high mountains are to be climbed.

In the party should be one or two canteens and haversacks, and a few fishing outfits. One or two guns may be carried in the open season, but more will not be needed on an ordinary mountain camping trip.

COMMISSARY SUPPLIES.

To make a mountain outing thoroughly satisfactory and enjoyable nothing is second in importance to a plentiful and well-selected stock of provisions. Tastes will

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vary, and a list of eatables that would please one party might not suit another. The supplies should consist principally of substantial articles of diet, but a variety of similar articles is better than a large amount of one or two kinds. Canned fruits should not be taken in great quantity, as they are heavy and bulky, and consist largely of water. In their stead the best quality of evaporated or dried fruits will answer. Pound for pound, they will supply much more food when ready for the table, and the matter of weight is one of prime importance. If the outing be for a short time,—two weeks or less,—more canned fruits and dainties may be taken. The same is true of potatoes and onions. For a short outing an ample supply may be taken, but for a long absence in a region where supplies cannot be replenished, a comparatively limited quantity can be carried.

The subjoined list proved very satisfactory for a party of six for a period of thirty days. On the last day there was enough, but little to spare. To this list may be added or substituted such articles, for variety, as members of the party may desire. Prices, of course, vary. Those quoted in the following list were paid in the summer of 1900, but will be of assistance in estimating the cost of supplies for an outing any time: —

100	lbs. flour	$2.00
25	lbs. corn meal	.60
10	lbs. graham flour	.25
10	lbs. oat meal	.50
9	lbs. (3 pkgs.) self-raising buckwheat	.75
10	lbs. Carolina rice	1.00
12½	lbs. rolled oats	.50
5	lbs. cracked wheat	.20
3	lbs. hominy	.10
2	lbs. flaked rice	.20
	pinole	.35
	magic yeast	.10
5	lbs. baking powder	1.50
1	lb. pkg. baking soda	.10

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8	lbs. small white beans	.45
9	lbs. pink beans	.50
1	lb. pearl barley	.10
10	lbs. maccaroni	.60
1	doz. Knorr's soup tablets	1.50
1	pkg. Armour's soup tablets	1.50
40	lbs. potatoes	.40
10	lbs. onions	.20
32	lbs. bacon	6.82
14	lbs. ham	2.40
4	lbs. (2 cans) corned beef	.50
4	lbs. (2 cans) roast beef	.25
2	lbs. lunch tongue	.30
4	lbs. chipped beef	1.00
½	lb. (2 cans) codfish	.20
2	lbs. (6 cans) sardines	1.00
4	lbs. 1 cheese	.50
3	lbs. 1 Edam cheese	.90
10	lbs. (5 cans) corn	.75
15	lbs. (5 cans) tomatoes	.75
10	lbs. lard	1.20
15	lbs. salt	.35
40	lbs. white sugar	2.35
4	lbs. light brown sugar	.30
6	lbs. butter	1.50
12	lbs. (1 can) syrup	.85
6	lbs. (1 can) maple syrup	.50
13	lbs. dried prunes	.65
2	lbs. dried apricots	.15
3	lbs. dried grapes	.25
3	lbs. evaporated apples	.30
2	lbs. evaporated peaches	.25
12	lbs. coffee	4.50
1	lb. gunpowder tea	.75
2	lbs. chocolate	.50
1	lb. (1 can) cocoa	.25
15	lbs. (12 cans) condensed milk	2.00
7	lbs. (6 cans) condensed cream	.90
3	lbs. (1 quart) vinegar	.10
2	lbs. (2 dozen) lemons	.25
1	lb. (1 can) mustard	.25
1	lb. (1 can) black pepper	.25
¼	lb. (1 can) cinnamon	.10
¼	lb. (1 can) chili pepper	.10
¼	lb. (1 can) cayenne pepper	.10
2	oz. whole nutmeg	.10
1	bottle vanilla	.35

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The whole weighed about 520 pounds and cost less than $50.

MEDICINES.

It is advisable to take a supply of medicines along—a small amount of several kinds. The following list covered every requirement of a party of seven for a month, and was brought back slightly diminished in quantity and with several remedies untouched. All were carried in a small leather medicine-case:—

Whisky, 4 oz.	$0.15
Alcohol, 4 oz.	.15
Turpentine, 4 oz.	.10
Ammonia, 4 oz.	.15
Arnica, 6 oz.	.25
Carbolic acid, 2 oz.	.15
Jamaica ginger, 3 oz.	.25
Pond's Extract, 1 bottle	.50
Calomel, 1 gr. tablets	.25
Seidlitz Powders, 1 box	.25
Cascarets, 1 box	.50
Vaseline, 1 can	.10
Quinine, 1, 2, and 3 gr. tablets	.40
Antiseptic tablets	.25
Antikamnia, 5 gr. tablets	.50
Throat-ease	.10
Permanganate of potash	.10
Court-plaster	.10
Absorbent cotton. 14 oz. roll	.25
Supply of old linen.	

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

If no ladies are in the party, some of the items mentioned in this article need not be taken.

A party of six for an outing of thirty days, during which supplies cannot be replenished, will require six pack-animals, and four for an outing of two weeks.

All riding- and pack-animals must be shod before starting and be kept shod during the trip.

One person should have entire charge of the packs.

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Never make a camp-fire where it can spread among dry leaves, brush, or timber; and extinguish every spark before leaving camp. A shovel will often be required to cover the embers.

Packing will be facilitated by having flour, meal, and some other articles in sacks not exceeding twenty-five pounds in weight. Pack no article, however small or light, in paper. Make small bags of cloth, and label them properly.

Make an early start in the morning, and go into camp early in the afternoon. Slow packing and delay in the morning tires both animals and people, and wastes time unnecessarily.

If there are women or children in the party, prepare a lunch before leaving camp, and always stop about noon to eat it. This is a good rule for all parties to follow. Where appetites are ravenous, it is exceedingly uncomfortable as well as unnecessary to go hungry.

Take an abundant supply of good coffee. Even a confirmed tea-toper will prefer coffee when traveling in the mountains.

Go prepared with fishing-tackle, for trout are plentiful in most streams. But don't count too much on supplying the party with game. All kinds are scarce along the most traveled trails. And be careful, under every temptation, to observe the game-laws to the letter.

Permanganate of potash is considered a safe remedy for snakebites, and should be injected into the wound.

The wild elderberries which grow above an altitude of 4,500 feet are better, when stewed, than any canned fruit.

When setting out on a trip 200 pounds may be estimated as an average load for a pack-animal.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR WOMEN.

By Mrs. G. W. Stewart.

In preparing for a long outing in the mountains during which much traveling is to be done, each member of the party should be provided with a clothing-bag (dunnage-bag), which may be made to unfold, with separate compartments for different classes of articles, or may simply be an ordinary bag of denim or other heavy material, not to exceed two feet in length and about fifteen inches wide, drawn up at the top with a stout string. With the end securely fastened, this bag may be adjusted readily on one of the pack-animals. Clothing should not be rolled before being crowded into the bags. All such articles must be folded and laid lengthwise of the bag, for reasons given in the first part of this article.

In the matter of clothing it is advisable to take both light and heavy underwear, two suits of each, the former being necessary the first day or two before cool altitudes are reached and again when nearing and entering the warm valley on the return trip. The warm winter clothing is a necessity in the higher regions. Bloomers and a short skirt reaching but little below the knees allow of comfort and freedom both in riding and climbing. Cotton covert-cloth may be used both for skirt and bloomers. A dark calico or gingham shirt-waist is quite satisfactory, although a light weight of flannel is preferred by some. At least two waists should be taken. Over the shirt-waist may be worn a jacket of medium weight. While traveling this may be tied to the saddle when not being worn, and should not be placed in the dunnage-bag at any time. It may be needed every day, and there are often portions of the day when it may be dispensed with; but it ought always to be kept handy for use. The hat may be of felt,

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with brim of medium size. Leather boots reaching to the knees are more satisfactory than shoes and leggings, and no more expensive. The soles should be thick and well filled with hob-nails to ensure safe footing when walking over pine needles and steep mountain-sides. A stout pair of gauntlet gloves will complete the costume.

The dunnage-bag, in addition to the extra clothing, should contain a metal soap-dish, with lid which may be closed, containing soap, a small case for brush and comb, and tooth- and nail-brushes. A small looking-glass may be taken, but is not mentioned as a necessary for a mountain trip when little time is spent in camp. When much traveling is being done the looking-glass is not a flatterer. An ample supply of handkerchiefs and stockings is necessary, and a bathing-suit will be found serviceable many times. If mountain-climbing or much traveling in high altitudes before the snow disappears is to be done, a thick veil is a necessity. A bar of washing-soap should be carried, if there is not an available supply among the general stores.

An ample pocket in an accessible place is an absolute necessity, and should contain an aluminum folding drinking-cup. Every member of the party ought to be provided with one; also with a good jack-knife—not a dainty pearl-handled affair, but one that will cut a rope quickly, for this may mean much on a dangerous trail.

Camphor-ice, to prevent chapping of lips, will be needed, and some kind of cold cream for the complexion; for though one may not be vain enough to object to the appearance of a sunburnt face, the pain of it in the higher altitudes may be more than comfortable.

A pair of old shoes, easy for the feet, will be found a luxury in camp.

Girls up to the age of twelve years, or over, will travel with more comfort and safety if dressed as boys—with

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felt hat, winter underwear, shirt-waist of strong material, short jacket, overalls, warm stockings, leggings, gauntlet-gloves, and shoes with soles well filled with hob-nails.

Women should ride astride in the mountains, the same being the safer and more comfortable way and much easier for the animal ridden.

Ladies without experience in mountain traveling must remember that space and weight are to be economized to the last degree, and therefore carry the smallest supply of clothing and other articles enumerated that comfort and cleanliness will permit of.

A small tent without poles, which may be swung from a rope, is convenient to be used as a "dressing-room," but will seldom be needed to sleep in.

Although the great redwoods (*Sequoia gigantea*) have their home in the Sierras at an altitude of 5,000 to 8,500 feet, where snow lies deep and long every year, they thrive equally as well in the warm San Joaquin Valley. In Visalia there are several. Fine trees may be seen at the residence of E. C. Farnsworth, and at the corner of Bridge and Acequia streets, also at the home of Frank Duran, a short distance out of town. At the orchard of J. H. Harter are two beautiful specimens about forty years old. Three feet from the ground one measures seven feet and six inches in circumference, the other seven feet and four inches. The taller is sixty-six feet high. In Visalia also is a gray or digger pine (*Pinus Sabiniana*) which has at the ground a circumference of eleven feet, and five feet from the ground measures eight feet and seven inches. This tree is more than sixty feet high.

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TRAILS INTO THE MT. WHITNEY AND KERN RIVER REGIONS.

By P. M. Norboe.

PEOPLE in the San Joaquin Valley are becoming more and more impressed with the knowledge that within a few hours' travel of their homes is to be found some of the grandest scenery in the civilized world; that one may climb mountain-peaks and scale crags equal to the boldest in the Alps, or for that matter anywhere else that the "globe-trotter" is fain to seek recreation in Nature's grand art-galleries; and this knowledge is gradually awakening in the minds of our people a desire to see for themselves the wonders and beauties that Nature has spread so lavishly before their doors.

Having made up their minds to visit the mountains for a summer's recreation, the thought naturally turns to Kern River and Mt. Whitney as the Mecca toward which their steps shall be directed. Now will come the question, Which is the best route to take so as to see the most and obtain the greatest enjoyment with the least amount of fatigue and discomfort?

There are no fewer than four well-beaten trails entering the valley of the Little Kern River from the Tulare Valley, and all unite before reaching the "Big Kern." Each of these trails is joined by others before they converge, so that there are nearly a dozen routes by which to enter the mountains from the Great Valley. The four principal trails alluded to above may, for distinction, be named as follows: the Deer Creek, Tule River, South Fork, and Mineral King routes. Each has characteristics in common with the others, and each has scenery

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and objects of interest peculiar to itself and well worth a trip to see. A description of the routes named, together with a short epitome of the most prominent natural wonders and curiosities to be seen along each, will be the effort of this paper.

Beginning with the most southern (or Deer Creek) trail, we will suppose that the traveler is awake to everything of interest that may be found, and if he has not already visited the orange-groves he will enjoy a day at Porterville, inspecting the marvelous development in citrus culture in that vicinity. Leaving Porterville a good wagon-road leads southeasterly toward White River. This road possesses some historic interest, as it was a well-traveled road over which tons upon tons of supplies and machinery were hauled in early days to the mines of Inyo County, across the range. A portion of this road was also a part of the overland stage line to Texas and the East a quarter of a century before the scream of the locomotive was heard in the land. White River post-office lies on this road twenty-five miles from Porterville, and much gold has been extracted from the mines there since it first became a mining camp fifty years ago. Does the traveler want to see one of the grandest and probably the largest oak-tree in the State? Then drive south from Porterville to Deer Creek, and not far from where the railroad crosses that stream he will find the monarch of the *Quercus* family. The writer has measured it and found it to be twenty-seven feet in circumference six feet from the ground—only three inches less girth than the celebrated giant oak near Farmersville, but, unlike the latter, which is a gnarled, distorted specimen, the Deer Creek giant is a picture of symmetry. The immense trunk is straight and uniform in size for a distance of about thirty feet from the ground, and then it branches into several beautifully symmetrical limbs, each as big as a

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tree itself. The top is proportioned in perfect harmony with the body, and the tree in its grandeur is well worth a side-trip to see. Experts have estimated that one hundred cords of wood would result from its felling, but wither the hand that shall ever raise an ax to injure this grand old monarch!

The wagon-road extends into the mountains a few miles beyond the Deer Creek Hot Springs, which place is becoming quite a resort for persons suffering from rheumatism and kindred ills. From the end of the road the traveler who desires to reach the grand mountains and cañons of the Kern must take passage on the hurricane-deck of a mule, but the trail to the summit, eight miles, is an excellent one. Reaching the summit, the trail follows closely the ridge dividing the watershed of the Tule from that of the small streams feeding Kern River. The route here is through fine forests of all the timber indigenous to this region, and at one place, a spot of about two hundred acres, is one of the prettiest Sequoia parks known to the writer. The trail continues north for many miles without a bad place in it, and finally joins the Jordan trail where the latter crosses the divide. A side-trip may be made from the Parker Meadows at the summit above Deer Creek. The side-trail runs nearly east, down a steep descent to a narrow, rolling valley along the Kern, where excellent camping may be had at Peppermint Meadows. Good fishing can be had in the river, but it requires hard climbing to get down to the water and out again. From here the principal points of interest to be visited are Capitol Rock and Dome Rock, both immense dome-shaped granite rocks, covering many acres each, and glistening in the sun like the white domes of great public buildings, which resemblance has probably suggested their names. To the north of Peppermint Meadows a jutting spur

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of the mountain is broken into a great many sharp spires, forming what is known as the Needle Rocks.

The Tule River route has four principal trails, three of them uniting into one before reaching Little Kern. The first is a wagon-road (and a very good one, too, albeit some steep pitches must be overcome) running up the South Fork of Tule River from Porterville, through the Indian Reservation, where the student in ethnology may find materials for investigation among the Indians. Some interesting hieroglyphics are to be found on overhanging rocks near the road, and every one halts at the agent's residence to quaff a drink from the cold effervescing soda spring near the house. The road up the cañon, hewed out of the solid rock and overhanging the gorge hundreds of feet below, presents many charming bits of scenery, and, though it is perfectly safe, one may have his timid nerves a bit tried should he venture too near the edge of the grade. The road finally terminates in the big timber nearly forty miles from Porterville, at an elevation of about 6,500 feet above the sea. A few miles before reaching the end, the road passes an old relic of former days in the form of the ruins of a sawmill, which seems to have done a prosperous business before it was discovered that it was located within the bounds of the reservation. Having reached the "head of navigation" for wagons, it is now necessary for our voyager to leave his vehicle among the pines and Sequoias, embark upon the ever-trusty mountain-barge, and by a steep descent soon make port at Nelson's, four miles distant. Although quite steep in places, this trail is one of the best in the mountains, and absolutely free from danger to the careful traveler. At Nelson's we find a small gem of a valley nestling between timbered mountains, and where most excellent facilities for camping are provided. So pleasant is it here that one must have pronounced ambitions to enable him to tear himself away

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from the seductiveness of the place and penetrate farther into the empire of King Whitney. In this little valley there are innumerable mineral springs, carrying sodas, lime, and silica. One very large spring bursts from the rocks like a veritable Aaron's fountain, and, though the river is a stream of considerable volume, the highly colored water of the spring makes the river almost blood-red for many rods below. In another spring leaves, twigs, and other articles immersed in the water, will in a short time become covered with a calcareous coating, and a lace handkerchief left in the spring will be petrified "while you wait." The trail is joined here by the Nelson trail, up the Middle Fork from Springville, sixteen miles away. The Nelson trail divides a few miles from Springville, the branch going up the main stream of the Middle Tule to Doyle Soda Springs. Mr. John H. Nelson has performed an immense amount of hard work on this trail, assisted by Mr. Doyle on that portion below the junction with Doyle's trail, and now it is without doubt the best trail going into the mountains. Near the forks of the trail the Nelson branch crosses the Main Fork on a small rustic bridge, and here, if the traveler will leave the trail and scramble down to the east branch of the river, he will find a curious and interesting phenomenon. The streams here, as elsewhere in the mountains, have a growing water-grass, a sort of fresh-water alga of two or three varieties. These algæ have their roots in the bottom and banks and fastened to the stones in the water, the plants floating gracefully with the current; but at this particular spot they lie nearly at the bottom and do not follow the wavings of the water. The observer will also notice that the plants, instead of being the vivid green usually seen, are a dull gray color. Upon examination he will find that the plants from the roots almost to the tips of the major branches are *petrified* —turned to stone; the interior of the stem and the new

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growth of fronds at the extreme ends of the branchlets seeming to be the only portions remaining soft and pliable. Take them out of the water, and as soon as thoroughly dry they may be ground between the fingers to a gritty powder. Examined under a magnifying-glass, the particles appear like grains of quartz, and are undoubtedly stone. Another peculiarity is the odor, which resembles that of sea-kelp, and which remains with the plant for months after being taken from the water.

From Nelson's an excellent trail runs to the top of the ridge, where it is joined by the Deer Creek trail, described above. A short distance before the latter unites with the Nelson trail it forks, a branch running east, down the mountain into a valley, and to the mouth of Little Kern. There is not much to interest one on this trail until one has reached the mouth of Little Kern. At the junction of the Little Kern with "Big" Kern the expert angler will find what is probably the finest field in the mountains for the exercise of his prowess with rod and reel. Only an expert, however, can meet with much success in these waters. The river at this point rushes down a narrow gorge between high vertical walls of basalt, which, standing in huge columns along the great cliffs, cause a strong resemblance to giant battlemented castles. The Nelson trail, after it is joined with the Deer Creek trail, continues in a northeasterly direction to the White Meadows, or Jacobson Meadows, where it joins the old Jordan trail. The Jordan trail was originally constructed to run from Tule River above where Globe is now past Rancheria and Bear creeks, through the forests at the foot of "Old Moses," where the charming summer camps called "Summer Home" and "Mountain Home" and the Enterprise Mill are located. Thence it crossed Middle Tule near Doyle's Soda Springs, and, by a very steep, rough, and by no means safe, route, climbed the mountain

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to the Jacobson Meadow, where the Nelson trail now joins it. From the Jordan trail near Summer Home a branch runs northeasterly to the region about the head of Peck Cañon, a wild and rugged part of the mountains; but this trail is so rough that few care to try it the second time. Near Summer Home are some of the finest specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea* to be found in the State. It was here that a tree was felled from which a section was cut to be transported to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. The venture proved to be a failure, though a section taken from a tree in one of the northern groves did finally reach the East and eventually was sent to Paris. The Centennial stump, as it was called, is used as a visitors' register, and is covered with names, illustrious and otherwise. Just before the trail starts down the mountain to Doyle's Springs it passes by a small meadow that has the distinction of being the home of one of the largest of the big trees. It has suffered severely from fire, a large portion of it having been burned away. Originally it was forked at something like sixty feet from the ground, but the fire burned the trunk to a hollow shell entirely to the crotch, causing the two prongs to fall toward each other, so as to recomplete the arch. So much of the trunk has burned away that a measuring-tape cannot follow the original contour; nevertheless, a measurement made by the writer showed a circumference, six feet from the ground, of 103 feet, and in the burned-out hollow were several fir-trees growing, one of which measured fifty-six inches in circumference. A mile or so from this meadow, many years ago was a Sequoia that had broken some sixty feet from the ground, and on the top of the stump were growing two pine-trees apparently five or six inches in diameter. They were about the only young trees in the forest that were absolutely safe from the all-devouring sheep.

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As before stated, the Jordan trail is joined by the Nelson trail on the summit of the mountain; from here, as the Jordan trail, it descends by an easy route to the valley of the Little Kern. Before commencing the descent it divides and runs by two routes to the Little Kern, the main trail, or original Jordan trail, running nearly east from the top of the mountain, descending a long ridge to the river. The other, a more recently opened trail, leaves the main trail near the summit and turning toward the northeast drops quickly to the streams feeding Little Kern. Upon reaching any of the streams which run into Little Kern, one is in the angler's paradise, for the most inexperienced novice may soon fill his creel with luscious speckled trout. The two parts of the trail reunite before reaching Trout Meadows.

The fourth Tule River route is up the east branch of the Middle Tule River, past the old Dillon sawmill, and along a high rocky ridge to join the Hockett trail. While possessing interest for the enthusiastic mountaineer, it is seldom traveled for pleasure.

The next route to be considered is the Hockett trail, which runs up the South Fork of the Kaweah River. Although this is one of the oldest trails into the mountains, it is the roughest. Both the Hockett and the Jordan trails were " built " for the purpose of diverting the travel to the mines of Inyo County from the Walker Pass. According to the " franchises " that were granted for the construction and operation of these two toll-trails, they were intended to be converted into wagon-roads as soon as possible; but the collapse of the Inyo mining boom in the early '60s defeated the enterprise, and no attempt was ever made to build any part of a road through the rough mountains. The Hockett trail passes near the celebrated Clough's Cave, and not far from another of more recent discovery, called Palmer's Cave, which is said to surpass the former

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in attractiveness. Homer's Nose is a huge granite boss, hundreds of feet high, perched on the side of the mountain, and forming a prominent landmark for miles each way. After a steep and rocky climb of several miles, the trail reaches the Kaweah Meadows, the most extensive chain of meadows in these mountains west of Kern River. A short distance before entering the meadows a short detour to the left will reveal a little gem of a lake hiding among the crags like a timid bird on its nest. After reaching the chain of meadows referred to, the trail passes from one to another for miles, over a country that, excepting for the fallen timber, could be traversed with a buggy. To the north of the trail lies a high barren mountain, upon the slopes of which snow may be found at any time. Across the divide, southeast from the Kaweah Meadows, is the Peck Cañon country, attractive on account of its rugged character. Here are several pretty little lakes guarded by the frowning cliffs that almost completely surround them, making a quiet retreat, in which one may easily forget the worries and cares of life. It is in this vicinity that Peck Cañon, and Soda, Pioneer, and Alpine creeks, all tributaries of Little Kern, have their origin. All of them are full of gamy and delicious fish.

The trail drops rapidly from the summit of the ridge to the Little Kern, where it is joined by the trail from Mineral King. I have stated that the Hockett trail is the worst in the mountains. It has been greatly improved within the last year or two by the soldiers stationed in the Sequoia National Park.

The Mineral King route, the last one to be considered here, is without doubt the most popular of all the routes into the mountains. The road is " navigable " for wagons for a longer distance than any other, and that fact alone would account for its popularity, since many families avail themselves of it to take an outing who do not wish

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to go where they cannot travel by team. Many hundreds of jolly campers are to be found at Mineral King from early summer till late in the season. The distance from Visalia is sixty-five miles, and, with the exception of one or two hills to overcome, the road is a very good one. Atwell's Mill, six miles below Mineral King, is also quite a favorite camp with many. Mineral King is made the headquarters for exploring parties who take their families there for the summer, and, leaving the women and children, form parties of the more rugged members for hunting and fishing excursions into the farther mountains. A fairly good trail has been constructed from here in a northwesterly direction to Giant Forest, from which point is a very good trail to Kings River Cañon. From Mineral King the trail to Kern River runs southeasterly, crossing a high ridge at Farewell Gap, passing over a field of perpetual snow, descending a steep mountain-side to Bullion Flat, passing Soda Spring and following down the Little Kern, soon joins the Hockett trail. At the Soda Spring is found the first good fishing on this trail, though some trout may be caught in the streams about Mineral King. The Hockett trail continues on over rolling pine-covered hills by easy grades to Trout Meadows. At this place the Hockett and Jordan trails approach within a few hundred yards of each other, when they again diverge, the latter running east over a gently rolling country for several miles, and then descending to Big Kern Flats on the main river. This is good fishing and hunting territory. The trail forks at this point, one branch leading toward the southeast into the region between North and South Forks of Kern River. The Jordan trail crosses the river and, following up the east side a ways, leaves the river and ascends out of the cañon about six miles from the Flats, where is a most charming camping-place by the Hot Springs. Above here the trail

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divides, and soon many trails are diverging to the different points of interest.

From Trout Meadows the trail runs north for several miles in a narrow, flat valley between high and steep walls. This valley has every appearance of having once been the channel of the river, and was probably such when Kern River was a river of ice. This fact has suggested the name of Glacier Valley. From the head of the valley to the river the descent is steep, and the trail passes for some distance over a mass of loose rock that has fallen from the beetling cliffs above. From this condition it has been named "Talus trail." Reaching the side of the river the trail follows it upstream to "The Lakes." Formerly it was a very difficult, and in some places a dangerous trail, but, thanks to the efforts of the Visalia Board of Trade, seconded by the forest rangers, and encouraged by the support of the Mt. Whitney Club, a new trail has been made that avoids the hard and dangerous portions.

A short distance after the Hockett trail is joined by the trail from Mineral King a "cut-off" trail diverges, and running over the high mountain to the northeast reaches the Kern Cañon above the lakes. This trail, constructed with funds furnished through the bodies above named, is now a good one, and affords an easy and short route from Mineral King to Kern Cañon. In fact the trip may be made between the points named in a day, while to go around by Trout Meadows requires never less than two days' travel.

"All roads lead to Rome," so all our trails have brought us to the center, a fit site for the capital of the grandest scenic empire in the world. From the vicinity of the lakes trails radiate to all the places of interest, up the Grand Cañon of the Kern for thirty miles or more, to Manache Meadows, the Volcanoes, Golden Trout Creek, and the meadows at its head, the Natural Bridges, Mt. Whitney,

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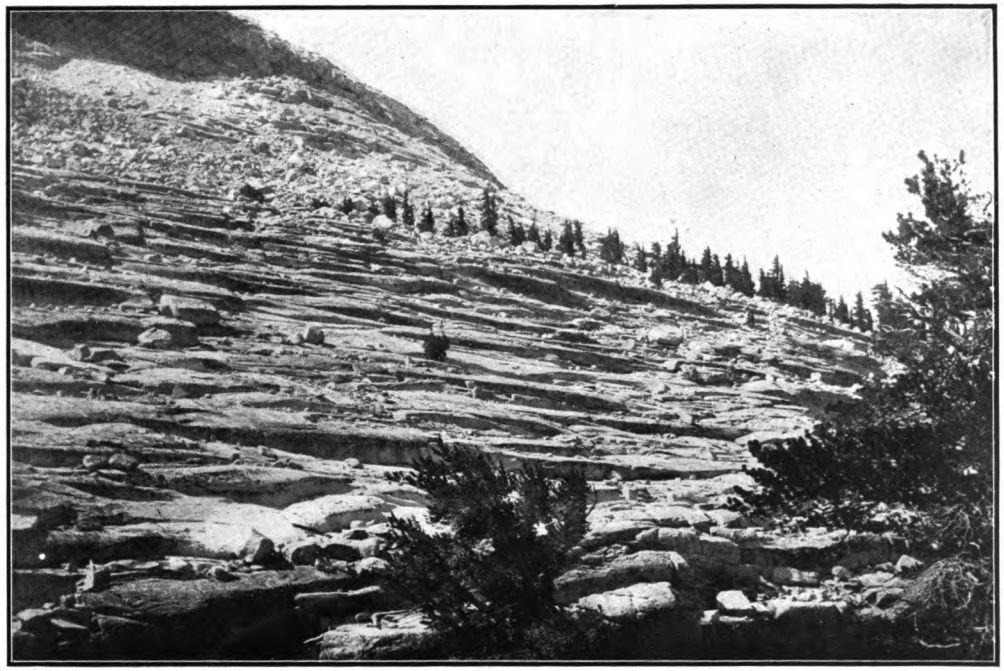

The Stadium—a Glacier-Polished Mountain-Side near Mt. Whitney.
(From photograph by P. M. Norboe.)

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and a score of other mountain peaks reaching an altitude above thirteen thousand feet. A description of all the wonders of this region will require volumes of the CLUB JOURNAL. Which one of the several routes described should be chosen will depend upon circumstances. If one contemplates making more than one visit,—and a dozen will not enable him to see it all,—then he should choose a different way each time till all have been covered. By going into the mountains by one and returning by another trail, a pleasant variety will be secured. The choice for the first trip may be governed by the experience, or the lack of it, of the traveler in mountain travel. For the novice who must learn to travel on horse- or mule-back, and who must accustom himself by degrees to the fatigue of an untried method of locomotion, the Tule River route, either the South Fork or Nelson trails, presents superior attractions. For a quick passage, it is, in the opinion of the writer, by far the best of all. He once ate supper in Visalia, and the next day overtook his party at Trout Meadows in the afternoon early enough to have reached the lakes by evening, had it been necessary, and neither horse nor rider was distressed by the journey. Surely the same terminal points cannot be connected in the same time by any other route. After one has become accustomed to the rugged life of the mountaineer, then a trip over either or all of the trails named will be a delight and a pleasure that can be understood and appreciated only by him who has enjoyed it.

The United States Land Department has suspended temporarily thirty-eight and a half townships of land lying west of the Sierra Forest Reserve, pending examination to determine the advisability of adding any part thereof to the Reserve.

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FORESTRY LEGISLATION NEEDED.

By C. S. Newhall, Forest Superintendent.

A HIGH authority in Washington on forestry recently addressed me in regard to two matters that are of local as well as national interest. May I offer them for your consideration?

First, my correspondent calls attention to the fact that the area of the United States forest reserves has been increased during the last year from about forty-six million acres to something more than sixty million acres, with the probability that by the beginning of the next fiscal year the increase will be to seventy million or seventy-five million acres,—"in response to the strong public sentiment clamoring for additional reserves in California, Utah, Oregon, Montana, and Wyoming."

The present appropriation for administering and protecting the reserves is $300,000, a sum which was first appropriated in 1899, when not only was the area of the reserves much smaller than now, but their business interests—timber-sales, grazing, special privileges, etc.—amounted almost to nothing. To-day the area is enormous, and in some of the reserves the business affairs, apart from mere protection, require more attention and money than does the protective service.

So it has come about that the sum which in 1899 was barely sufficient, is now wholly inadequate for the pressing needs of the reserves. For example, for one item, the insufficient appropriation has necessitated leaving the larger portion of the reserves—practically all the northern ones—unprotected for over half the year, much

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to their detriment, and to the great annoyance of the many interests affected.

These interests are so numerous and of such importance that they can no longer be ignored. Millions of feet of timber are bought, or received free of charge, by thousands of settlers all about these reserves, and additional millions are bought for mining and other industrial enterprises. In addition, nearly two million head of stock are grazed in the reserves. Also there are hundreds of privileges, such as permits to construct and maintain power works, permits for roads and railways, telegraph and telephone lines, hotels, stores, etc., being granted every year.

Every case of this kind requires proper attention from one or more field officers; and where the insufficient funds leave the reserves with an insufficient number of men, delay and loss must needs result.

To avoid this, and to give the reserves at least as full protection as heretofore, an increase in the appropriation from $300,000 to $500,000 is asked for; and it is earnestly hoped that the Mt. Whitney Club will, in such manner as its judgment approves, support the measure. The reserves as a whole need the increase, and surely the reserves of California need it; and they will need it the more if their area is further enlarged, as it should be before it is too late.

While there is reason for real pride over what has been accomplished, still the forestry work and plans have been and will continue to be badly handicapped, unless with the larger need there can be a more liberal appropriation.

The second matter to which my correspondent referred is a practical business item. A bill providing for an income for the reserves by means of a moderate tax for privileges therein that are allowed by law is about

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to be considered in Congress,—privileges, for example, such as camping and supply stations (such stations often are needed, and could be established with benefit to the reserves) and grazing privileges. Permits were granted last season in the California reserves to five hundred and forty-five local stockmen and ranchers, covering fifty-eight thousand head of stock.

A moderate and acceptable charge for privileges that are now being granted without charge would easily make the reserves self-supporting.

This bill and the request for an increased appropriation would seem to be equally deserving measures. Your valued support for them both is earnestly desired.

The altitudes of some of the best known peaks of the southern Sierras, in the vicinity of or visible from Mt. Whitney, are given as follows:—

Mt. King	13,300 ft.
Mt. Gardner	13,200 ft.
Mt. Brewer	13,886 ft.
Mt. Gould	13,320 ft.
University Peak	13,950 ft.
Leland Stanford Junior University Peak	14,103 ft.
Mt. Keith	14,120 ft.
Mt. Tyndall	14,386 ft.
Mt. Williamson	14,448 ft.
Day's Needle	14,000 ft.
Keeler's Needle	14,000 ft.
Sheep Mountain	14,300 ft.
Mt. Guyot	13,500 ft.
Mt. Wallace	13,500 ft.
Mt. Mills	13,000 ft.
Mt. Kaweah	14,140 ft.
Table Mountain	14,000 ft.
Sawtooth Peak	12,800 ft.

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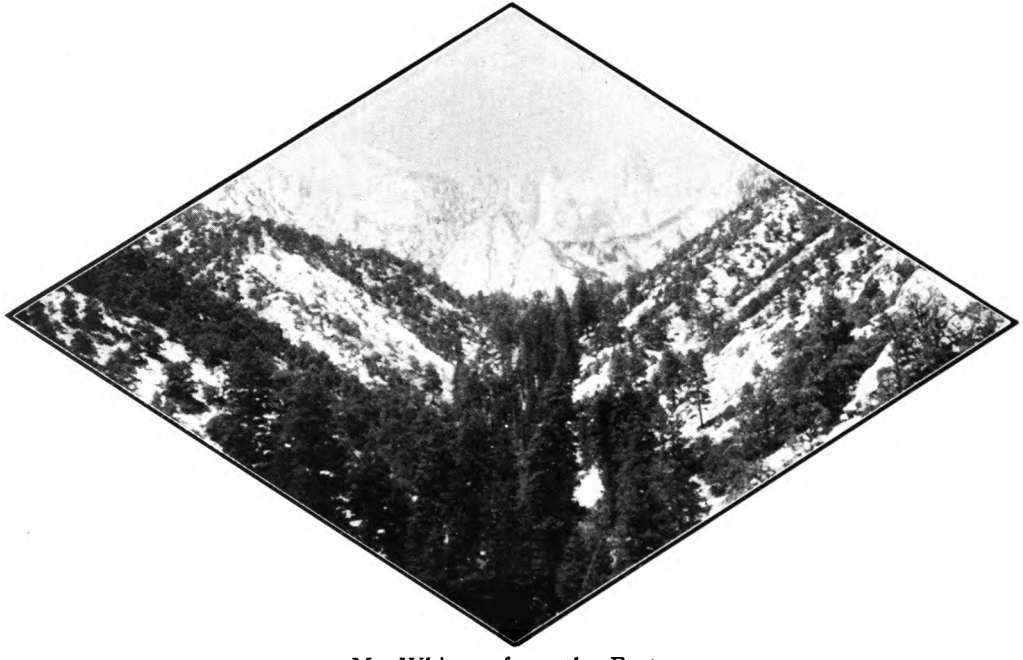

Mt. Whitney from the East.
(From photograph by A. M. Given.)

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ITINERARY OF TRIP TO MT. WHITNEY.

By Ben M. Maddox.

IN the summer of 1899 the writer, as a representative of the Visalia Board of Trade, made a trip from Visalia to Mineral King, the Kern Cañon, Mt. Whitney, Panorama Point, and the Giant Forest, for the purpose of showing the Member of Congress from this district, Hon. J. C. Needham, that appropriations should be made to build roads and trails in the Sequoia National Park. There were thirteen in the party, and, besides Mr. Needham, the Southern Pacific Company and the Santa Fé Company had representatives along. As a result of that trip, Congress has since appropriated $40,000 for the improvement of the Sequoia National Park and $10,000 for the General Grant Park.

From a diary kept, I have compiled the following data, showing the camps made, the time it required to make the journey each day, the altitudes, the condition of feed for stock, and the opportunities for fishing. The information may be of value to those who contemplate such an outing.

Leaving Visalia, the first camping-place was thirty-five miles from Visalia, at the Mt. Whitney Company's power-house, at an elevation of 1,150 feet. The second night Mineral King, twenty-five miles farther, was reached, where the altitude is 8,000 feet. To this place there is a good wagon-road, and those who desire may go thus far in a stout vehicle of any description; but after leaving Mineral King the saddle-animal and pack-mule must be brought into action.

We left Mineral King July 10th, at 11:15 A. M.,

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crossed Farewell Gap (altitude, 10,500 feet), and arrived at Shotgun Meadows on Rifle Creek (altitude, 7,300 feet) at 3:45 P. M. Feed is good here and fishing first-class.

July 11—Left Rifle Creek at 8:15 A. M., and arrived at the little lake on Kern River at 4 P. M. Altitude, 6,200 feet. Good feed and fishing.

July 12—Left Little Lake at 8:40 A. M., and reached Funston Meadow at 12 o'clock. Altitude, 6,500 feet. Excellent feed for stock and fine fishing.

July 13—Left Funston Meadow at 8:45 A. M., and went into camp at 2:45 P. M., at an old sheep corral. This day's ride was through the grandest portion of the cañon. Altitude, 7,000 feet. Good feed and plenty of trout.

July 14—Left camp at 9:15 A. M., and arrived at Junction Camp at 12:30 P. M. Altitude, 8,075 feet. Good feed and best fishing on the river.

July 15—Left Junction Camp at 9:15 A. M., and for a few miles up the river there was a fair trail. When we started out of the cañon the trail disappeared. This part of the journey was formerly unsafe without a guide, but a good trail has since been made. When we reached the summit of the east side of the cañon, at an altitude of 10,800 feet, we got the finest view on the trip. Mt. Whitney, Mt. Williamson, Mt. Tyndall, the Kaweah Peaks, and other giants loomed above us, while the Kern Cañon could be seen for twenty miles, running almost due south. Arrived at Whitney Meadows (erroneously called Crabtree Meadows) at 4:30 P. M., everybody tired. There is no fish in Whitney Creek, and the grass is short for horses. Omitted to record altitude here, but think it must be about 10,500 feet.

July 16—Left Whitney Meadows at 11:15 A. M., and at 1:15 P. M. stopped at Langley's Camp, right at the base of Mt. Whitney, for the night. The sun was very

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hot for a time, but it was quite cold at night. The wood is scarce and grass very short. Altitude, 11,800 feet.

July 17—Started to climb Mt. Whitney at 6 A. M., and reached the summit at 8:46. Remained there two hours. Altitude, 15,000 feet. It required an hour to return to Langley's Camp. We saddled our horses and made camp that night about a mile below Whitney Meadows, at an altitude of 10,200 feet, where we found plenty of feed for the horses.

July 18—Broke camp at 9:15 A. M., and soon lost the trail, and did not find it again until we got to the north base of Mt. Guyot. Reached upper meadows on Golden Trout Creek (erroneously called Whitney Creek) at 3:15 P. M., and then for the first time had an opportunity to catch golden trout. Altitude, 9,900 feet. Good feed for horses.

July 19—Left camp at 8:15 A. M., and arrived at the lower meadow on Golden Trout Creek at 10:55 A. M., and made a halt for the night, in order that we might again hook golden trout and visit the old volcanoes. Rained quite hard for half an hour. Altitude, 9,000 feet. Plenty of feed for horses.

July 20—Started from camp at 10:25 A. M., and stopped two hours and fifteen minutes at Edwards Meadow on the Kern. Arrived at Coyote Pass at 4:40 P. M. Fine camp, plenty of grass, and excellent fishing. Altitude, 9,500 feet.

July 21—Started from camp at 8:40 A. M. and arrived at Broder's Cabin on the Little Kern, just below Farewell Gap, at 12:40 P. M., in a hard rain.

July 22—Left the cabin at 7:15 A. M., and arrived at Mineral King at 9:50, where we got mail and replenished our supplies. Left there at 12 o'clock and crossed Timber Gap and stopped at Dean's Deer Cañon Camp at 2 o'clock. Good feed. Altitude, 8,450 feet.

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July 23—Left camp at 9:25 A. M., and arrived at Wet Meadow at 2:05. Altitude, 7,100 feet. Good meadow for stock, but drinking-water not the best.

July 24—Did not leave until 1 o'clock P. M. for Alta Meadow, where we arrived at 4:05. Altitude, 9,100 feet. Panorama Point is here, and excels in grandeur the view from Glacier Point in Yosemite Valley.

July 25—Left Alta Meadows at 10:40 A. M., and arrived at Round Meadows in the Giant Forest at 3 P. M. Altitude, 6,500 feet.

July 26—Inspected the Giant Forest.

July 27—Left Round Meadow at 6:48 A. M., and reached Redstone Park at 5:25 P. M. Altitude, 1,000 feet.

July 28—Took teams and drove to Visalia by noon.

Members of the Mt. Whitney Club in Inyo County desire to co-operate with those on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada in the matter of trail-building, and it is probable that before the close of another season one will be able to go from Lone Pine to the summit of Mt. Whitney, or *vice versa*, in a few hours. When such a trail is built, as it will be, a grand circuit, which could not be duplicated in any other part of the world, would be to travel via Kern River Cañon and Mt. Whitney to Lone Pine, thence up the Owens River Valley to Independence, thence over Kearsarge Pass to Kings River Cañon, and back to Visalia or other starting-point by way of the Giant Forest. This being a circular route, with no necessity of doubling on the track at any time, travel thereon might begin or end at any point.

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Summit of Mt. Whitney.
(From photograph by P. M. Norboe.)

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MT. WHITNEY.

By Geo. W. Stewart.

THE loftiest summit in the United States (not including Alaska) was first climbed by white men in 1873. It received its present name, Mt. Whitney, several years earlier. To the Indians living on the eastern side of the range this colossal dome was known as Tu-man-i-gu-ya.

On July 4, 1864, members of Professor Brewer's party of the United States Geological Survey, among whom was the celebrated mountain-climber, Clarence King, ascended a high peak northwest of Whitney, which was given the name of the leader of the party, and is now well known as Mt. Brewer. Three other mountains, recognized as the loftiest among many giants visible from the top of Brewer, were named Williamson, Tyndall, and Whitney.

In 1871 Clarence King attempted to find and climb the peak that had been named Mt. Whitney, but, cloudy and stormy weather prevailing, he went astray, and made the ascent instead of a lower and more accessible point, now variously known as Old Mt. Whitney, Sheep Mountain, and Fairview Peak.

A. H. Johnson, who had previously climbed Mt. Whitney, again, on August 18, 1873, accompanied by Messrs. Begole and Lucas, made the ascent of the mountain, and these were, so far as known, the first persons to stand on its top. They erected a stone monument at the highest point, and, believing the mountain unnamed, called it Fisherman's Peak. Messrs. Hunter and Crapo were next to ascend the mountain, and were followed shortly after

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by Rabe of the U. S. Geological Survey. King, hearing of these ascents, and learning from the accounts given by these climbers that he had failed to reach the top of Mt. Whitney in 1871, came at once from the Atlantic Coast to do what he had attempted before. He stood upon the summit just a month and a day after the first recorded ascent of the peak was made, and left in the cairn on the top the following record:—

"Sept. 19, 1873.

"This peak, Mt. Whitney, was this day climbed by Clarence King, U. S. Geologist, and Frank F. Knowles, of Tule River. On Sep. 1st, in N. Y., I first learned that the high peak south of here, which I climbed in 1871, was not Mt. Whitney, and I immediately came here. Clouds and storms prevented me from recognizing this in 1871, or I should have come here then.

"All honor to those who came here before me.

"C. KING."

In his description of Whitney, King says:—

"This grand mountain is a splendid mass of granite 14,887 feet high, inchiseled and storm-tinted, a great monolith left standing amid the ruins of a bygone geological empire, the summit of the United States.

"At eleven o'clock in the morning Knowles and I stood together on the topmost point of Mount Whitney. We found there a monument of stones and records of two parties who had preceded us. The first, Messrs. Hunter and Crapo, and next Rabe, of Geological Survey,—the first, so far as we know, who had ascended this summit. Mr. Rabe made the first measurements. We were all there within a month."

John Muir, the most celebrated mountaineer of the Pacific Slope, and indeed of North America, stood on the top of Mt. Whitney later the same year, and in a letter to the writer gives the following brief account of his first and second visits, made in October, 1873, a few days apart:—

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"Reading the accounts of these Whitney climbs (in the Mt. Whitney Club Journal) calls to mind my first ascent in October, 1873. Early in the morning of the 25th I left my horse on a meadow a short distance north of the Hockett trail crossing of the summit, and climbed the mountain (now Sheep Mountain), about 14,000 feet high, named Mt. Whitney on the State Geological Survey map of the region. To the north about eight miles I saw a higher peak and set off to climb it the same day. I reached the summit needles about 11 o'clock that night, and danced most of the time until morning, as the night was bitterly cold and I was in my shirt-sleeves. The stars and the dawn and the sunrise were glorious, but, having had no supper, I was hungry and hastened back to camp, and to Independence, where I left my horse, and set out again for the summit a-foot, direct from the east side, going up a cañon opposite Lone Pine. I reached the summit about 8 o'clock A. M., October 29, 1873. In a yeast-powder can I found the following account of first ascents, which I copied in my note-book, as follows:—

NOTICE

Gentleman
the looky finder of this
half a Dollar is
wellkome to it.
CARL RABE
*Sep 6th, 1873.**

"Of course, I replaced these records, as well as Carl Rabe's half a dollar, but did not add my own name. I have never left my name on any mountain, rock, or tree in any wilderness I have explored or passed through, though I have spent ten years in the Sierra alone."

This lofty summit was first visited by women on the third day of August, 1878, and an interesting account of the trip to and ascent of the mountain, written by one of the ladies, was published in the first number of this journal. The members of that party were: Mr. and

*The other account is Clarence King's record, which appears earlier in this article."—Ed.

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Mrs. R. C. Redd, Misses Hope Broughton, Mary Martin, and Anna Mills, and Messrs. N. B. Martin, Luther Anderson, Kit Carson Johnson, Henry Ford, and George and Robert Redd, all of Porterville, Tulare County, California. William Crapo, previously mentioned, was the guide for the party.

A party of the United States Geological Survey was camped during the summer of 1881 at the small meadow at the base of the last steep ascent, engaged in taking observations, and a signal-station was established on the summit from September 2d to 6th, that year, instruments and a supply of bedding and fuel being transported to the top of the mountain at great expense for that purpose.

The altitude of Mt. Whitney, commonly given as 15,000 feet, is variously reported by different observers as follows:—

Crapo	by barometer,	14,907 ft.
	by triangulation,	14,889 ft.
Rabe	by barometer,	14,887 ft.
King	by barometer,	14,887 ft.
Langley		14,522 ft.
Wheeler		14,898 ft.
Madary		15,490 ft.
Rowell		14,625 ft.
Maddox		15,000 ft.

The last three above were aneroid readings. The Sierra Club record, deposited in the monument on the summit, gives the altitude as 15,085 feet.

The Secretary of the Interior has authorized Park Ranger Britten to expend $500 in repairing the Visalia and Giant Forest road at once. The road will thus be in readiness for the first tourists.

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IMPORTANT TRAIL WORK.

THE Mt. Whitney region of the High Sierra has been visited by experienced mountaineers every summer during the last thirty years, much of the traveling being done over exceedingly rough trails or over areas wholly trailless. The stories of these pioneers have induced many others to seek the wild altitudes of the Sierras, and the desire to reach the most secret solitudes and grandest heights has made necessary the building and improving of trails to the most celebrated points of interest.

The first mountain pathways marked out are usually winding and unnecessarily long, with hair-raising ascents and descents that are not unavoidable; but these in time give place to shorter trails of more even grades, and such improvement is invariably followed by increased travel. The opening up the Sierras to the world should be encouraged and assisted; and the valuable work performed during the last three years makes the lovers of our mountains hopeful that in the near future the countless charms of the whole Sierras will be made accessible. The purpose of this article is to mention some of the most notable trail work recently done, which makes the deepest cañons and highest summits of our mountains attainable with comparative comfort and the expenditure of little time or money.

During the summer of 1900 Forest Ranger, Ernest Britten marked out a trail from the vicinity of Bullion Flat (southeast of Mineral King and Farewell Gap) to the lakes on Kern River. In the fall of the same year Ranger S. L. N. Ellis blazed and monumented a trail

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from the north line of the Sequoia National Park northward to Horse Corral Meadow, there intersecting the well-traveled trail to Kings River Cañon, the route of which Mr. Ellis also changed from Summit Meadow to the bottom of the cañon. This trail was to connect at the southern end (the park line) with a trail to be built by the soldiers in the Sequoia National Park from Giant Forest northward to the point of meeting. This part of the trail was blazed by Ranger Britten.

The following year the Visalia Board of Trade and the Board of Supervisors of Tulare County together appropriated four hundred dollars, which was expended on the trail between the north line of the park and the cañon. The next year (1902) more than one hundred dollars, derived from the same sources, was used in finishing this trail, the work being done under the superintendency of Supervisor Ellis. As the trail was being completed into the cañon, the working force was re-enforced by a party from Fresno, the money for their services being appropriated by the Supervisors of that county. All of the Sierra Club outing party that year passed over this trail between Summit Meadow and the bottom of the cañon, and those who made the trip via Visalia and the Giant Forest traveled the entire length of the trail. This trail places Kings River Cañon within three days' ride of Visalia—and two days, by forced travel. The soldiers in the park failed to perform their part of the work until the summer of 1902, when a broad, well-graded trail was constructed through the park.

Early in the year 1901 the Visalia Board of Trade expended more than one hundred dollars on the "cut-off" from the vicinity of Bullion Flat to Kern River, improving the grade, and shortening the distance of actual travel to less than one half of that of the old Trout Meadow route. This is now the only trail regularly traveled between

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these points. Money has been appropriated by the bodies previously named herein to further improve this trail and to build a bridge across Kern River. The work will be done with the assistance of the forest rangers and the Mt. Whitney Club as early this season (1903) as the melting snow will permit.

During the summer of 1902 another trail, blazed, monumented, and built under the superintendence of W. F. Dean, was made from the bottom of Kern River Cañon up the eastern wall to Mt. Whitney, shortening the time to the mountain and opening to tourists a great stretch of the grandest scenery in the Sierras. This work was done by the Mt. Whitney Club, the Visalia Board of Trade and the Board of Supervisors of Tulare County co-operating.

The money expended on these three trails with that appropriated for the present year aggregates about fifteen hundred dollars.

Other trails intended to open to travel portions of the Sierra now seldom visited are planned for, and it is hoped that this journal will be able to report material progress every succeeding year until all have been completed.

The following table shows the location of some of the peaks in the neighborhood of Mt. Whitney, the direction of each from the summit of that mountain being given:—

Mt. Williamson	west 10° north
Mt. Tyndall	north 35° west
Mt. Wallace	north 37° west
Mt. Kaweah	south 70° west
Sawtooth Peak	south 62° west
Mt. Brewer	north 50° east
Olancha Peak	south 25° east
Sheep Mountain	south 40° east
Day's Needle	south 24½° east
Keeler's Needle	south 22½° east
Table Mountain	north 61° west

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Free to Members. Annual dues, $1.00.

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PURPOSES OF THE MT. WHITNEY CLUB AND LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

The objects of the Mt. Whitney Club are: To aid in making Mt. Whitney—the crown of the Sierra—and the adjacent mountain region better known to the world; to assist in mapping the Mt. Whitney region (embracing the watersheds of the Kings, Kaweah, Kern, and Owens rivers) and in properly naming the streams, lakes, meadows, pinnacles, peaks, and other natural objects therein for the purpose of identification; to promote the building of trails and roads, and the placing in proper places of guide-boards giving directions, distances, altitudes, or other necessary information; to collect and exhibit views and objects of interest from the Mt. Whitney region; to encourage the preparation and dissemination of literature descriptive of that region; to publish a journal, and to issue, at times, special bulletins, containing information valuable to explorers, campers, tourists, and the public; to stimulate a love for our mountains and their majestic scenery.

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Bender, Mrs. H. P.....Bakersfield, Cal.
Carter, Albert.....Three Rivers, Cal.
Carter, D. F.....Three Rivers, Cal.
Dehy, William D.....Independence, Cal.
Dinwiddie, J. L.....Visalia, Cal.
Edwards, E. H.....Lone Pine, Cal.
Gannett, Dr. Henry.....Washington, D. C.
Gray, W. A.....Berkeley, Cal.
Gray, Mrs. W. A.....Berkeley, Cal.
Haley, Howard .....Bakersfield, Cal.
Hittell, Theodore H.....San Francisco, Cal.
Johnson, Dr. J. H.....Los Angeles, Cal.
Jones, Herberta A.....Kittanning, Armstrong Co., Pa.
Knox, John G..... Visalia, Cal.
Larkins, E. O.....Visalia, Cal.
Larkins, Mrs. E. O.....Visalia, Cal.
McFadzean, Daniel .....Visalia, Cal.
Moffett, James R.....Independence, Cal.
Muir, John.....Martinez, Cal.

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Newman, Tracey.....Visalia, Cal.
Orr, A. R.....Visalia, Cal.
Orr, Mrs. A. R.....Visalia, Cal.
Reynolds, Silas H.....Independence, Cal.
Ross, Miss May V.....Kittanning, Pa.
Skinner, Max M.....Reward, Inyo Co., Cal.
Smith, George D.....Visalia, Cal.
Wallace, Bruce.....Visalia, Cal.
Weiser, Miss Mary E.....Islip, L. I., N. Y.
Weiser, Miss Sara A.....Islip, L. I., N. Y.
Wight, Dr. Otis.....Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
Wood, Mark.....Visalia, Cal.

OUR CLUB.

During the past twelve months the Mt. Whitney Club has not been idle. Acting jointly with the Visalia Board of Trade, it has been instrumental in the extension of new trails into the mountains and in making older ones safer. Arrangements have also been made for the shortening and bettering of various trails early the present season. Members of the club have sought for new routes into the grand but little-visited Shagupa Plateau, in the vicinity of the Kaweah Peaks—one way by Mt. Silliman, the other via Mineral King. These preliminary surveys will be completed during the present summer, after which trail-building will commence.

Efforts to secure the impartial enforcement of the State game-laws, and the rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of the Sequoia National Park, have been heartily seconded by the club, with the most gratifying results. Several of our members have been active in this matter.

Much work has been done in gathering material for map work. The history of the naming of a great number of peaks, lakes, streams, and meadows has been secured, in many instances several names for the same object being found. With a view to having these numerous conflicts settled, and the proper name selected in each case, all the material collected will, after being passed upon by the club, be placed in the hands of the U. S. geological survey, that the official map of the Mt. Whitney region to be prepared by that department will have all places appearing thereon accurately named. So great is the amount of material of this kind collected that it

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will be impossible to even give a brief résumé of the work accomplished in this issue of the JOURNAL, as had been expected.

There has been a marked increase in the strength of the club since the list of members was published a year ago, and some of the newly enrolled mountain-climbers are residents of other States. As Mt. Whitney becomes better known and more often visited, the list of members will grow, and with it our opportunities to assist in opening our magnificent mountains to those who love them.

A WELCOME EXTENDED.

The Mt. Whitney Club extends a cordial welcome to the members of the older Sierra Club, who have elected to make their permanent camp, during this year's outing, in the matchless cañon of Kern River, near beautiful lakes, beneath beetling granite crags, and by the side of a prolific trout stream. This is a point from which many delightful excursions may be made, each of which will make the Sierrans desirous of visiting at some future time still inaccessible areas in that vicinity, where lakes and meadows and woods and pinnacles mingle in wild confusion and unexplored cañons abound. Believing that the present will be the most enjoyable of these always successful and thoroughly enjoyed outings, the Mt. Whitney Club renews its greeting, and will make every effort to meet all demands made upon it by the visitors.

MORE FOREST RESERVES.

During the last six months the Federal Government has temporarily suspended from disposition several million acres in California and Oregon, the intention being, after examination, to add the timber-covered areas to existing forest reserves, or, where conditions are favorable, to create new ones. This wise policy, because not understood, is severely criticised in some quarters; but the only just cause for complaint is at the tardiness of the Government in ordering these suspensions, which should have been made a year earlier. Under the Act of June 4, 1897, a few individuals or corporations have been able to secure title to immense bodies of the best timbered lands of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges,

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in continuous tracts, and these vast expanses of noble forests we may expect to see denuded within the next twenty years. It is the policy of establishing great forest reserves alone which will prevent the total destruction of the western woods. This policy is combatted by many influential and well-meaning persons who believe that no provision is made for the utilization of the valuable timber in the reserves, whereas the contrary is the case. Ripe timber, suitable for commercial purposes, is being converted into lumber in the forest reserves of California to-day, but it is done under regulations and Government supervision which prevent the needless waste that has hitherto attended lumbering in the virgin forests of this State. When all our forests are included within permanent reserves and properly protected they will prove to be a source of wealth for centuries; but if left to be acquired by the lumbermen who have caused the forests of older-settled States to disappear, their destruction will be speedily accomplished. The Government can make no mistake in reserving all its forest lands from disposition permanently.

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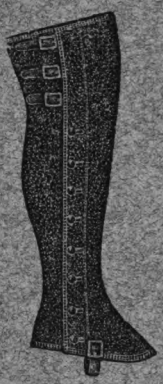

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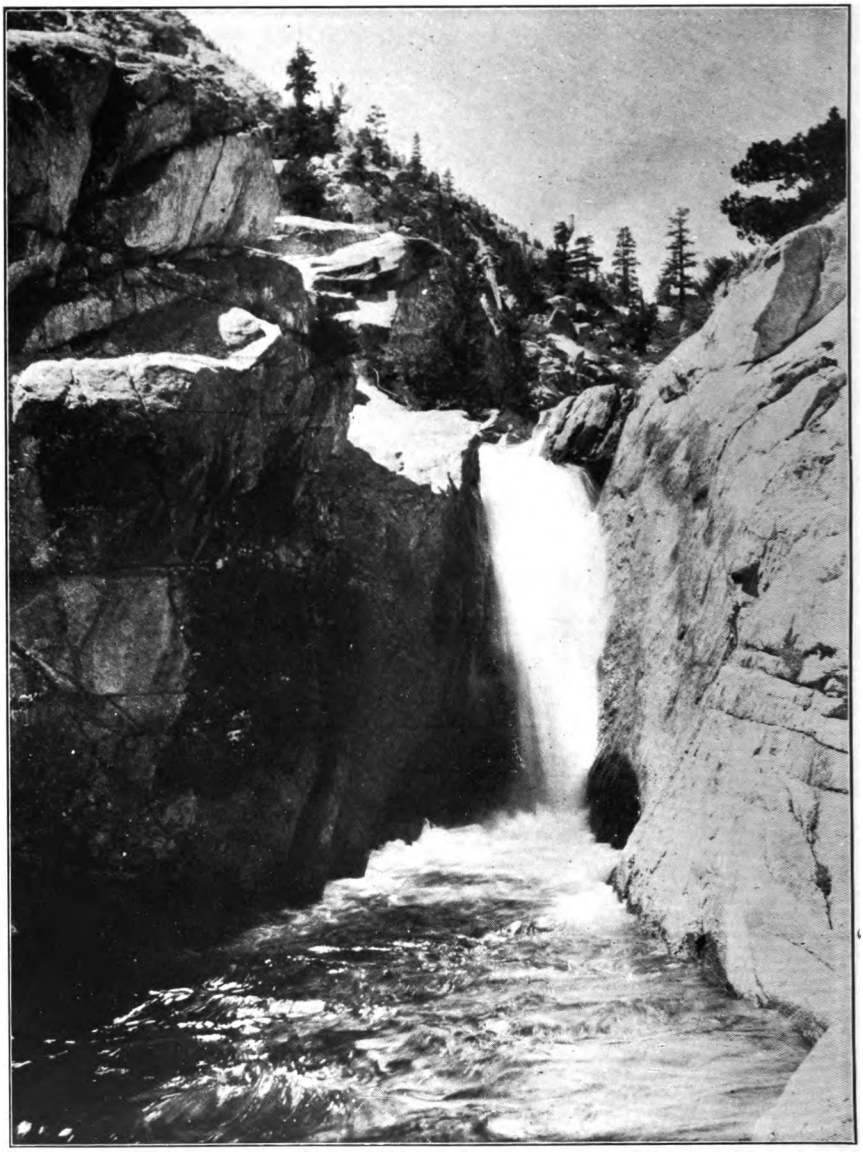

Upper Falls, Kern–Kaweah.
(From photograph by Geo. D. Smith.)

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MT. WHITNEY CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. I. VISALIA, CALIFORNIA: MAY, 1904. No. 3.

ALTITUDE OF MT. WHITNEY.

[In the November, 1903, issue of the *Monthly Weather Review* appear valuable contributions by Professor Alexander G. McAdie, on "Mt. Whitney as a Site for a Meteorological Observatory," and by Mr. H. L. Heiskell, on the "Computations of the Altitude of Mt. Whitney"; also observations by Professor Joseph N. Le Conte, and the Director of the United States Geological Survey, on the same subject. These articles, giving the latest and most authentic information as to the height of Whitney, are republished here. Professor McAdie's paper is as follows.]

IN reply to a letter dated June 15, 1903, from the Chief of the Weather Bureau, asking for a report of the advantages and disadvantages of Mt. Whitney as a site for a meteorological observatory in connection with the proposed astrophysical observatory, I have the honor to submit the accompanying notes based on observations made during a hasty trip to the summit in July, 1903, in company with the Sierra Club of San Francisco.

ACCESSIBILITY.

Mt. Whitney is situated in latitude 36° 34′ 33″ north, and longitude 118° 17′ 32″ west. It may be reached in several ways.

I. From Lone Pine on the Carson and Colorado Railroad, along the county roads to Carroll Creek, up zigzags of a trail, across Cottonwood Creek to Horseshoe Meadow, a climb of nearly 5,000 feet in ten miles, and thence by trail to Volcano Mountain.

II. By trail from the Kern River, at its southern end, working north along the Kern River to the East Fork,

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thence south to Crabtree Meadow, thence to Langley's Camp on the eastern side of Mt. Whitney, 2,800* feet below the summit.

III. From the northern end of Kern River working south to East Fork, thence as in II.

The trails on the western side of the mountain are not steep, nor especially difficult and dangerous. A good climber can go from Langley's Camp to the summit in less than four hours.

On the top of the mountain, or peak, is a flat of several acres. On the extreme eastern edge, a small monument of rocks has been erected. The eastern side of the peak is precipitous, a sheer fall of about 6,000 feet sharply marking the mountain. About 11,000 feet below the summit lies the valley of Owens River, with Owens Lake to the southeast. On a clear, quiet day Lone Pine, almost directly east of Mt. Whitney and distant about fifteen miles, can be seen. Independence, lying to the north-northeast, is hidden by a ridge. Between Independence and Lone Pine six streams flow to the east. The most important of these is Lone Pine Creek, which flows down from Mt. Whitney. According to the report of Mr. Charles C. Garrett, Observer at Independence, Cal., dated June 17, 1903, the quantity of water in this creek is as follows:—

> The flow of the stream varies very much in different years. Measurements taken two days ago at my request showed a flow of 660 miner's inches. The water is now at its highest point, and this is regarded as an average year. It is probable that at the time of lowest water not more than eighty inches flow. Measurements were taken in the months of October and December, 1893, for testimony in a water suit, and flows of 195 and 160 inches, respectively, were found. The principal owner of the

* Three thousand feet is probably a more accurate figure.

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waters of Little Pine Creek informs me that, in his opinion, the average flow of the stream for an average year is about 300 miner's inches.

On the eastern side of the mountain there are at least four lakes within three miles. There is a splendid supply of good water at Langley's Camp. Mt. Whitney is in the Mt. Whitney Military Reservation, and I am under the impression that one of the reasons urged in establishing the reservation was the desire to retain it for use as a station for scientific research.

The peculiar character of Mt. Whitney renders it a good site for meteorological work, inasmuch as comparisons can be made of the conditions in the free air over a confined and heated valley and the conditions existing on the westward slope of the Sierra, or plateau conditions. While we were on the summit a lady's veil was thrown over the eastern edge, and although the temperature was but 53°, it was plain that there were high temperatures and strong ascensional currents on the eastern side of the mountain. The course of the veil was such as to suggest that with regard to the general flow of the air from west to east the mountain acts as a dam, or weir.

It is probable that for the greater portion of the year the peak is accessible. The average precipitation in this section is not very large. Snow remains in the crevasses until August or September. At the time of our ascent, July 8, 1903, we passed across one crevasse which, however, could have been avoided by making a detour south of the gully. I do not know that the peak has ever been ascended in winter, but I believe there are periods when this would be possible. No one of the other high mountains on the Pacific Slope, such as Shasta or Rainier,

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is so easy to climb as Mt. Whitney. Owing to the fact that the two peaks mentioned lie further north and in the track of atmospheric disturbances, climbing is almost out of the question in winter, and hazardous even in summer. Mt. Whitney, therefore, of all the extremely high peaks on the Pacific Coast, is probably most suitable for a meteorological observatory.

All materials would have to be carried up by pack-train. I made some inquiry as to prices for this work, but could obtain no trustworthy estimates.

THE ELEVATION OF MT. WHITNEY.

As will be seen below, few mountain elevations have been discussed more carefully than that of Mt. Whitney. Some barometric observations were made on our trip, although it was a hasty one and not altogether favorable for such work. Fortunately the weather conditions were very favorable. The greatest care was taken by Professor J. N. Le Conte and myself to read carefully, and independently of each other, the heights of the mercurial column. Our chief purpose was to correct the prevailing estimate of the height of Mt. Whitney,—viz., 14,900 feet, an elevation given on most of the maps in use in California.

Gannett, in his "Dictionary of Altitudes in the United States" (third edition, 1899), gives an elevation of 14,898 feet, and this we believe to be erroneous. The authority given is Whitney, but I am unable to ascertain if Professor Whitney made the ascent and measurement, or, as chief of the Geological Survey of California, used the measurement made by Carl Rabe for the survey. This latter was the first measurement of Mt. Whitney. His readings, as marked on the case of the mountain mercurial barometer (Green, No. 1554) used by him, are 17.836 inches, 32°; 17.848 inches, 42°.

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The elevation deduced from the above readings was 14,898 feet, or exactly the same as the figures given by Gannett. This elevation, however, does not seem to be in accord with the readings, and if the altitude is determined on the assumption that the correction applied to the barometer was the same as applied in our observations (a doubtful assumption, it is true), the elevation would be about 13,701 feet, the sea-level pressure on that date being 30.01 inches at the given hour, the value of the mean temperature being 37.5° F. and the corrected reading at Mt. Whitney being 17.915 inches.

Two mercurial barometers were carried from San Francisco to Mt. Whitney's summit and read at half-hourly intervals by Professor J. N. Le Conte, University of California, and myself. One of the barometers was the same instrument used by Rabe (Green, No. 1554). Our readings on the summit were as follows:—

SUMMIT OF MT. WHITNEY, JULY 8, 1903. OBSERVERS: J. N. LE CONTE AND A. G. McADIE.

Pacific Time.	Green, No. 1554.		Green, No. 1664.	
	Barometer.	Attached thermometer.	Barometer.	Attached thermometer.
	Inches.	°F.	*Inches.*	°F.
9:30 a. m.	17.630	51	17.652	54
10:00 a. m.	17.638	51	17.652	55
10:30 a. m.	17.646	55	17.660	55
11:00 a. m.	17.650	55	17.660	54
11:30 a. m.	17.650	50	17.667	52
12:00 noon	17.650	49	17.668	51
12:30 p. m.	17.652	48	17.674	54
1:00 p. m.	17.654	49.5	17.674	53
	17.646	51.7	17.663	
	— 0.036*		— 0.041*	
	17.610		17.622	
	+ 0.088†		+ 0.068†	
	17.698		17.690	

* Reduction to standard temperature.

† Sum total of the probable instrumental error, scale correction, capillarity, and gravity corrections for latitude 37° and for altitude 15,000 feet.

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The mean of our pressure readings on the summit was 17.690 inches, while the mean of the Langley readings was 17.588 inches. There are only four of the series by Langley which were taken at hours comparable with ours,—namely, September 4, 8:30 A.M.; September 5, 12:40 P.M.; September 6, 8:17 A.M.; and September 6, 9 A.M. The mean of these corrected and reduced is 17.609 inches. The difference, therefore, is but 0.081 of an inch. The temperatures also agree fairly well.

Professor Langley gives the elevation of Mt. Whitney as 14,522 feet, or 10,762 feet above his base station at Lone Pine.*

We found deposited on the summit a record of an ascent made on August 23, 1902, by Professors Kellogg, Hallock, Putnam, and others, in which it is stated that the temperature was then 34° F., and the boiling-point, as determined by Wm. Hallock, 186.4° F. It is interesting to note that the pressure corresponding to this boiling-point would be 17.58 inches.

On October 8, 1895, Hutchings and others ascended the mountain and reported that water boiled at 187° F.

WHEELER'S DETERMINATIONS.

Wheeler gives as the height,† determined by the adopted mean of barometric observations made by the observers of his survey party of 1875, 14,471 feet. The mean of three readings, at half-hour intervals, on September 24, 1875, after being corrected and reduced, was 17.796 inches; temperature, 35.3°; wet-bulb reading, 29.0°. A similar mean for October 13, 1875, was 17.840

* The exact elevation of the station at Lone Pine is uncertain.

† "United States Geological Surveys West of the One Hundredth Meridian." Wheeler, 1889, p. 95.

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inches; temperature, 36.7°; wet-bulb reading, 32.2°. The corrections applied are not accessible, but the records are probably in the office of the Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army.

The record of the observations made by Rabe in 1873, with the barometer, Green No. 1554, is as follows:—

Barometer.	Attached thermometer.
Inches.	°*F.*
17.836	33
17.848	42
17.842	38
— 0.015*	
17.827	

* Reduction to standard temperature.

These readings, corrected for temperature only, differ from the values obtained by us, by + 0.217 inches. The difference from the readings of the other barometer (Green No. 1664) was + 0.205 inches. It will be noticed that there is a decrease in temperature during the observations as shown by both attached thermometers, and moreover the temperatures themselves are not similar. Barometer No. 1554 is a small mountain barometer with a scale reading from 24 to 11 inches. Barometer No. 1664 has a scale reading from 33 to 14 inches. Both instruments were filled with clean mercury June 23, 1903, and the longer instrument carefully read and compared with station barometer No. 387 in the Weather Bureau office at San Francisco. Its mean correction was + 0.068 inches. It may be questioned whether this correction properly applies to readings at high elevation, but for the present we will assume that it does so.

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SIMULTANEOUS PRESSURE READINGS, JULY 8, 1903.

Hour (Pacific Time).	Mount Whitney.	Independence. Elevation 3910 feet.	Mount Tamalpais. Elevation. 2375 feet.	San Francisco. Elevation 155 feet.
10 a. m.	17.680	25.965	27.55	29.90
11 a. m.	17.689	25.953	27.56	29.89
12 noon	17.701	25.936	27.56	29.88
1 p. m.	17.704	25.919	27.56	29.86

The above are the so-called station pressures,—that is, the observed readings corrected for temperatures, scale correction, capillarity, and gravity. Independence is the Weather Bureau station nearest to Mt. Whitney, and the observations were made at that point by Mr. Charles C. Garrett.

The sea-level pressures at Independence and at San Francisco were as follows:—

Hour.	Independence.	San Francisco.
10 a. m.	29.88	30.06
11 a. m.	29.86	30.05
12 noon	29.85	30.04
1 p. m.	29.82	30.02
Mean	29.85	30.04

The observations at San Francisco and at Mt. Whitney can be used to determine the elevation of the latter above sea-level.

Using the values of Professor Bigelow's modification of the Laplacian equation for the results of observations obtained at 10 A.M., July 8th, 30.06 inches as at San Francisco, and 17.680 inches as on Mt. Whitney, with a mean temperature of 53°, we obtain an altitude of 14,515 feet.*

* The editor having kindly pointed out that I had not made full use of the Independence readings, I give herewith the following values: 10 A.M., 14,441 feet;

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PREVIOUS DETERMINATIONS OF ALTITUDE.

On page 201 of his "Researches on Solar Heat" (Professional Paper of the Signal Service No. 15), Professor Langley gives what is probably the best series of observations as yet made on Mt. Whitney. The observers were Mr. E. O. Michaelis, Mr. J. J. Nanry, and Mr. J. E. Keeler.

The readings given in Table 173 of his work are as follows:—

READING OF BAROMETER NO. 2018, SIGNAL SERVICE, ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. WHITNEY.

Date.	Time.	Reading.	Attached thermometer	Reading.*
1881.		*Inches.*	° *F.*	*Inches.*
September 2 . . .	6:00 p. m.	17.600	30.0	17.599
2 . . .	9:00 p. m.	17.597	26.5	17.603
2 . . .	12 midn't	17.569	25.5	17.576
3 . . .	3:00 a. m.	17.529	22.5	17.540
3 . . .	6:00 a. m.	17.518	22.5	17.529
3 . . .	8:15 p. m.	17.514	28.2	17.516
4 . . .	8:30 a. m.	17.627	52.8	17.591
5 . . .	12:40 p. m.	17.600	62.5	17.546
5 . . .	5:07 p. m.	17.680	61.5	17.628
5 . . .	6:30 p. m.	17.640	42.0	17.622
5 . . .	8:20 p. m.	17.599	38.0	17.588
5 . . .	10:22 p. m.	17.558	32.0	17.555
5 . . .	12 midn't	17.558	31.5	17.555
6 . . .	1:00 a. m.	17.610	30.0	17.610
6 . . .	3:00 a. m.	17.610	30.0	17.610
6 . . .	5:00 a. m.	17.610	28.0	17.613
6 . . .	8:17 a. m.	17.692	52.0	17.657
6 . . .	9:00 a. m.	17.680	54.4	17.640

11 A.M., 14,414 feet; noon, 14,378 feet; 1 P.M., 14,355 feet, which, as the editor remarks, are to be considered as only a portion of a continuous 24-hour series. Having also seen Mr. Heiskell's computations, I would add that the values 14,530 and 14,532 obtained by him by using the Bigelow tables agree with the values obtained above in which the value of θ was 53°, or a degree less than that used by him. Recomputing the elevation, but using a temperature of 54° and sea-level pressure of 30.06, my computation gives 14,572. The sea-level pressure used by Mr. Heiskell was 30.04 inches and the station-pressures 17.694, which, according to the method of computation used above, would give an elevation of 14,534 feet.—A. M., November 20, 1903.

*Corrected for temperature and reduced to Signal Service standard, but not for gravity.

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Measurements of the height by angles of elevation and depression between Old Camp Independence, Lone Pine, and the Peak and return, give a result of 14,470 feet.* "It is," says Wheeler,† "the highest point measured by careful barometric observations within the territory of the United States, except Alaska."

HISTORICAL NOTES.‡

The mountain was first seen from Mt. Brewer by members of the Geological Survey of California, Brewer, King, and others, in 1864, and named Mt. Whitney. On August 18, 1873, John Lucas, C. D. Bigole, and A. H. Johnson, climbed the peak and called it Fisherman's Peak. On September 1, 1873, Clarence King, then in New York, learned that the peak which he had climbed in 1871, now known as Sheep Mountain, Old Mt. Whitney, and Mt. Corcoran (Bierstadt) lying to the south of Whitney, was not Mt. Whitney, and hastening west climbed the right peak September 19, 1873. On September 6, 1873, the mountain was climbed by Carl Rabe, and the first mercurial barometer (Green, No. 1554) carried to the summit. Professor Langley's expedition is well known. He reached Lone Pine on July 24, 1881, and left on September 10th by way of Lone Pine Cañon. The journey, in brief, is described in pages 36 to 44, Professional Paper No. 15, Signal Service, published in 1884.

---

* But this depends upon the height of Lone Pine depot; and this in turn upon the elevation of Mound House on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad.

† Quoted above.

‡ References: Langley—"Researches on Solar Heat." Wheeler—"Surveys West of One Hundredth Meridian, 1889." Stewart—MT. WHITNEY CLUB JOURNAL, Visalia, Cal. Le Conte—*Sierra Club Bulletin*.

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I cannot do better than quote Professor Langley's statement given on page 44:—

> I do not think the Italian Government, in its observatory on Ætna, the French, in that of the Puy de Dome, or any other nation at any other occupied station, has a finer site for such a purpose than the United States possess in Whitney and its neighboring peaks; and it is most earnestly to be hoped that something more than a mere ordinary meteorological station will be finally erected here and that the almost unequaled advantages of this site will be developed by the Government.

[Following is the report of Mr. Heiskell, dated October 2, 1903.]

Relative to the observations made on Mt. Whitney, Cal., by Professor McAdie on July 8, 1903, at 10 A.M., 11 A.M., noon, and 1 P.M., and used by him in connection with simultaneous observations taken at Independence, San Francisco, and Mt. Tamalpais, to determine the height of the summit, I find that the observations are too few, and taken at a bad time of the day, to give any very accurate results.

Three essential elements must be considered in barometric hypsometry: temperature, pressure, and vapor pressure, and the observations should be taken at different times of the day and on different days, so as to obtain a true mean; an error of one degree in mean temperature causes an error of twenty feet in the height of Mt. Whitney; an error of .001 of an inch in pressure causes an error of one foot in the computed height. In these observations the attached thermometer is read for temperature and there are no hygrometric observations; then again the temperature at Independence, etc., was taken from the thermograph, so that a possible error of from 100 to 200 feet is not improbable.

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From the data available, using your formula in your Barometry Report, I make the height of Mt. Whitney as follows:—

	Feet.
By using the simultaneous observations taken by the observer at Independence and by Professor McAdie at Mt. Whitney, the elevation is	14,651
San Francisco and Mt. Whitney	14,532
Mt. Tamalpais and Mt. Whitney	14,618
Mean	14,600

If we reduce the observations at Independence, San Francisco, and Mt. Tamalpais to sea-level, and then compute to Mt. Whitney, we have,—

	Feet.
Independence and Mt. Whitney	14,590
San Francisco and Mt. Whitney	14,532
Mt. Tamalpais and Mt. Whitney	14,595
Mean	14,572

or a difference of twenty-eight feet from the preceding.

Professor McAdie, using observations taken at San Francisco only, calculates the height as 14,515.

On September 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1881, Professor Langley had a very accurate and careful series of eighteen simultaneous observations taken at Lone Pine and Mt. Whitney and published in his "Researches on Solar Heat." His barometers were carefully compared and his temperature and hygrometer observations were made by experienced observers, so that the accuracy of the work can hardly be questioned. In 1900 Mr. Gannett deduced from railroad levels the elevation of Lone Pine as 3,661 feet above sea-level, but in 1881 the height of Lone Pine was given by Mr. George Davidson to Professor Langley as 3,760 feet, or nearly 100 feet higher. The means of

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eighteen simultaneous observations at the two points are as follows:—

Lone Pine.		Mt. Whitney.	
Pressure	26.018	Pressure	17.586
Temperature	69.57	Temperature	37.20

Using the height of Lone Pine, as given by Mr. Gannett in 1900 (3,661 feet), and the barometric observations of Professor Langley, I make the height of Mt. Whitney 14,423.

Professor Langley in his report, using 3,883 feet for Lone Pine and his own barometric work, says Mt. Whitney, by barometric observations, is 14,625.

Professor Langley, by using Davidson's altitude, 3,760 feet, for Lone Pine and barometric observations at Mt. Whitney, makes the height 14,522.

On August 17 to September 7, 1881, Professor Langley had sixteen simultaneous observations taken at Lone Pine and Mountain Camp to determine the height of the camp; to see how we agree on that height, I herewith give the data:—

Using Davidson's height of Lone Pine, 3,760 feet, the height of Mountain Camp is 11,624.

Using Gannett's height of Lone Pine, 3,661 feet, Mountain Camp is 11,525.

Professor Langley makes Mountain Camp 11,625.

From the above, I should say that the approximate heights are:—

Lone Pine, Gannett, 3,661.

Mountain Camp, Gannett and Langley, reduced by me, 11,525.

Mt. Whitney, Gannett and Langley, reduced by me, 14,423.

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I should, therefore, suggest that the adopted height of Mt. Whitney be about 14,423 feet, as determined by using Professor Langley's observations and Professor Gannett's height in 1900 for Lone Pine.*

[Under date of January 11, 1904, Professor Joseph N. Le Conte, of the University of California, says:]

The Lone Pine railroad station is on the main line of the Carson and Colorado Railroad, and is on the eastern side of Owens River, close to the base of the Inyo Range. The town of Lone Pine is on the western side of the valley and on the western side of the river also. The distance between the two points is about three miles, and the railroad station bears about north 60° east of the town. I visited the railroad station last September and spent some time with Mr. McGrath, the division superintendent. His memory of the altitude of the rail at the station, namely, 3,658 feet, was afterward corroborated in a letter from him to me after consulting the records of the survey at Carson City, Nev. Mr. Henry Gannett gives the same number in his "Dictionary of Altitudes," evidently obtained from the same source. This, however, is not the altitude of the point occupied by Professor Langley in his determination of the height of Mt. Whitney. There has never, to my knowledge, been a line of levels run between the two places, and the only determination of the height of the town that I have ever found is the one given by Captain Wheeler, namely, 3,810 feet; this, however, is barometric.

* A letter from Professor McAdie makes it very doubtful whether the hamlet "Lone Pine," occupied by Professor Langley in 1881, is the same as the railroad station "Lone Pine," subsequently established.

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There is a "railroad tangent" at Lone Pine station over twenty miles long. It is absolutely straight and nearly level. It would be easy to measure off a base line four or five miles long, and arrive at a good measure of the elevation of the mountain; this might be still further improved by simultaneous angles observed from the mountain and the station. Such a measurement would depend on the elevation of the rail, of course, but this I think can be checked up. A survey has been run from this point to Mojave on the line of the Southern Pacific near Los Angeles. If the results of this latter survey could be obtained, we would know better how much reliance to put on the figures 3,658. It has long been a desire of mine to make this triangulation, for the angle of elevation is over 6° and the distance fifteen miles only. But I could not put very much faith on the levels over 550 miles of such rough country.

[Under date of January 16, 1904, the Director of the United States Geological Survey, says:]

Regarding the relative elevation of the railway station near Lone Pine, Cal., and the barometric station in that town occupied by Professor Langley, the only information that I have been able to get is to the effect that the difference in elevation is slight, probably not exceeding ten feet, the site of the town being the higher.

More to the purpose, however, is the fact that this office has run a line of levels from the sea through the San Joaquin Valley, and up the south fork of the Kaweah River to Farewell Gap, thence connecting by vertical angles with the summit of Mt. Whitney, obtaining, as a

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result, 14,434 feet. I do not consider this result as conclusive, inasmuch as the last link in the chain consists of a single vertical angle at a distance of thirty-four miles.

Last year Forest Ranger Ernest Britten, on duty in the Sequoia National Park, assisted by Corporals Smith and Mosby of Troop I, Ninth U. S. Cavalry, made an accurate count of the Sequoia trees in the north half of the northwest quarter of section 6, township 16 south, range 30 east, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian. The count embraced all trees in this eighty-acre tract in the Giant Forest having a diameter of not less than two feet. The trees were tagged as counted, and the result was verified by a recount. A total of 185 trees was found, and of this number about 160 were not less than ten feet in diameter. If these large trees are equally numerous in all parts of the Giant Forest (and the tract chosen did not appear to be an exceptional one), there are 6,500 Sequoias of great size in this splendid body of timber.

Many thousand young trout were planted in the streams of Tulare County last year, and grown fish were planted in several barren mountain lakes and small streams. The same work will be continued during the present season, and it is expected that several streams of the High Sierra will be stocked.

Preliminary steps have been taken for the establishment of game preserves in the mountains of Tulare, Fresno, and Madera counties.

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THE ROARING RIVER REGION.

By A. D. Ferguson.

THAT the Roaring River region of the Sierra Forest Reserve is not better known and more widely advertised should be a matter of surprise. True it is, that the trails therein were until within the last five years quite rough and in places practically impassable for horses other than those thoroughly accustomed to mountain travel. But for thirty years or more previous to the establishment of the Sierra Forest Reserve sheepmen had pastured their flocks in the lovely valleys (for there are two) of Roaring River; and it seems strange that these pioneers have not from glowing descriptions of this charming region, where Nature has indeed been lavish of her gifts, aroused the active curiosity of some one who would explore its wonders and proclaim them to the world. The very maps of this section of the mountains show woeful ignorance of a region easy of access, and certainly worthy of being at least accurately mapped. As usually mapped, the stream is called Cloudy River, and is shown to be a central watercourse, with several lateral branches of about equal importance.

As a matter of fact, there are two cañons of Roaring River as there are two forks of the stream. They are nearly parallel and of no inconsiderable scenic importance. Their general trend is from south to north, and they are separated by a high, narrow mountain which terminates in the neighborhood of section 10, township

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14 south, range 31 east, M. D. M., where the two cañons come together, or, more properly speaking, terminate; for below the junction of the two branches of the river the valley hardly attains the dignity of a cañon as generally interpreted in the parlance of the traveler of the Sierras. The stream at and near its junction with the South Fork of the Kings River is always called Roaring River. And the main (or easterly) branch is called by mountaineers familiar with it Roaring River throughout its length. The easterly cañon is naturally called Roaring River Cañon, while the westerly cañon, the finer of the two, is called Cloudy Cañon; sometimes called "Dead Man's" Cañon, by reason of a lonely grave still visible there. Lonely? Ah! that grave is a final resting-place any man might well envy. Only a poor Portuguese sheep-herder lies buried there, but no Pharaoh nor king of ancient or modern times has mausoleum half so magnificent. For his burial monument rises there a towering granite pinnacle thousands of feet above the peaceful spot wherein he sleeps, the lights and shadows playing ever across its face with kaleidoscopic beauty. The rising sun bathes it in a blaze of glory, and, setting, shrouds it in solemn, soothing shadows. The cañon here is narrow and its floor level. There seems room but for the gentle stream, a bit of green meadow, and—the grave. Pausing beside the forgotten grave, there naturally comes to one's mind Bryant's lines,—

"Nor couldst thou wish couch more magnificent."

The name "Roaring River" will readily be acknowledged as apt by any one who visits that section. The roar of the stream is distinctly audible to the traveler

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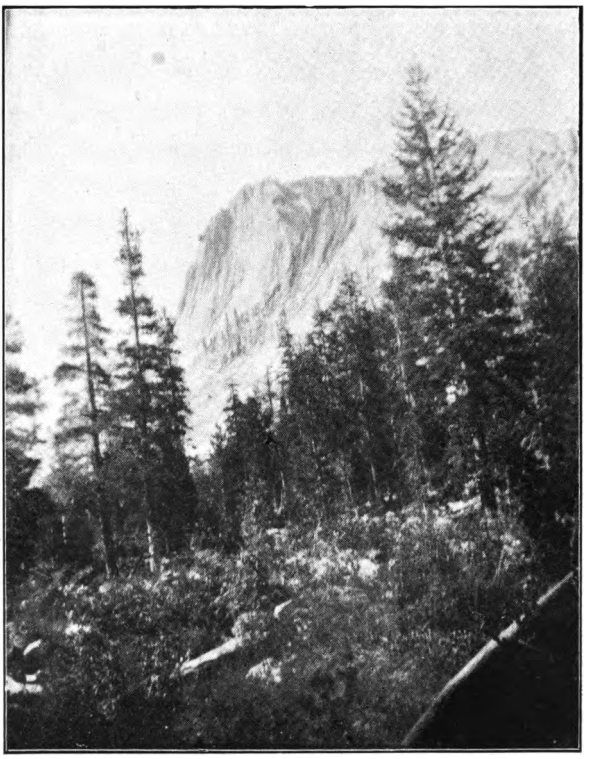

Near Dead Man's Meadow, Cloudy Cañon.
(From photograph by A. D. Ferguson.)

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while yet on the crest of the ridge a mile away from its tumultuous waters. Cloudy Cañon, too, is appropriately named by reason of the clouds which seem to hover over it in preference to any other gathering-place in that whole region of the mountains. Here is an instance where the pioneers' nomenclature is just and natural and should be allowed to stand.

There is now a good trail up Cloudy Cañon, built at no little expense by a mining company operating some copper claims at the extreme head of the river. The company also built a first-class trail up the east or Roaring River Cañon; but it has been in disuse for a couple of years, and may require a few hours' work, removing fallen trees, etc., to put it in its former good condition. On either trail one can ride a horse with ease and safety right up to the region of perpetual snow. It is possible, too, to ride to the head of either cañon, across the divide between, and down the other. There is one bad point, however, which, unless repaired every season, is liable to be found difficult for any save the best of mountain horses. It is well to say, in passing, that the trip across the divide at the head of the two cañons should not be undertaken early in the season, as the snow usually does not melt sufficiently to permit passage by horses before the first of September. This divide is immediately north of the Kaweah Peaks, thus presenting the best possible view of them. The scene which greets the observer from the trail is well worth crossing the continent to behold. The beautiful Kaweah lakes at his feet, the peerless Kaweah Peaks looming in startling majesty above, massive old "King" Whitney in the distance, clear-cut and distinct in that rare atmosphere, and all the wild, grand

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panorama of lofty peaks, deep cañons, and innumerable lakes, now green, now blue, now sparkling like beds of diamonds, will bring exclamations of delight from the traveler or hold him spellbound, according to his receptive nature.

From the divide one can look down into the head-waters of Roaring and Cloudy rivers and also of the Middle Fork of the Kaweah. A couple of miles farther around to the east, but reached by a somewhat devious trail, the slope is to the head-waters of the West Fork of the Big Kern. It is possible to make a trail from the Giant Forest along the route of an old trail up the Middle Fork of the Kaweah, swerving to the north near the "Lone Tree Camp," thence east across a red gap, and on to connect with the trail over the divide heretofore described; thence across a second divide and down the West Fork of Kern River into Big Kern Cañon. Such a trail would be a short cut to Kern River Cañon, and would have many scenic attractions.

To return to our subject, let us travel by the trail as it now is. Starting from Rowell Meadows, easily reached via Ellis's Big Meadow or by way of the Giant Forest and Kings Cañon trail; thence in an easterly direction about ten miles on a good trail, passing near Gannon, Williams, and Sugarloaf meadows, crossing Sugarloaf Creek, Boggy Meadow, and on to the log bridge across Roaring River, about one and a half miles below the junction of its two forks. To go up Cloudy Cañon we can either turn to the right (south), shortly before coming to the bridge, or cross and follow up the stream a little more than a mile to a well-established camping-place called Junction (or Canteen) Camp. Thence we

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may cross the river at a plain ford and find at once the Cloudy trail. The trail up Roaring River Cañon follows the left bank of the stream for many miles, eventually crossing and recrossing the stream, as necessitated by the exigencies of trail-making in a rough country. Roaring River near Junction Meadows is stocked with rainbow trout, brought by the writer some five years ago from the South Fork of Kings River. Three-pounders may frequently be taken. Unfortunately, the fish have not worked their way for any considerable distance upstream.

An outing in this region can hardly fail to be a source of pure delight. The climate is probably the most equable of any in the mountains, and the trails up either cañon lead through a succession of fine green meadows, and by easy and safe stages attains an altitude of between 12,000 and 13,000 feet,—and nearly all the way encompassed by cañon walls of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Many natural objects of interest are there, and, as yet, unnamed.

To have justice done it, Cloudy Cañon should be visited twice,—first in early June, when the waters from melting snows of the high mountains above pour over the cañon walls in scores of charming cascades or in falls of a thousand feet in sheer descent. For six or seven miles, riding up the trail, the traveler will see on either side a succession of such cascades and falls. Himself surrounded by green meadows and flowery beds, far above him he sees the mountain-sides still covered deep by winter's snowy mantle. Evidence of many mighty avalanches which have swept resistlessly down into the cañon, cutting off sturdy trees as though they were but blades of grass before a reaper's scythe, everywhere re-

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mind him that when first the snows begin to give way before the sun's increasing rays, existence in this now peaceful valley must be extremely hazardous.

Going up to the timber-line, a point about three miles short of the head of the cañon, the traveler is stopped by the snows which yet stretch from mountain to mountain, save on the perpendicular bluffs. From this point the head of the cañon looks not unlike a vast amphitheater. Here he may witness in perfect security the counterpart of the scenes which have taken place behind him some weeks earlier. Great masses of snow piled thousands on thousands of tons break loose from their precarious foundations and rush with ever-gathering momentum down the slopes below. An indescribable rushing sound accompanies the passage of the snow-avalanche,—not loud, like the roar of a landslide, but conveying nevertheless to the hearer a sense of his own insignificance and impotence. A great cloud of snow-dust rises over the scene and lingers many minutes after the avalanche has passed. From his coign of vantage here obtained the snow avalanche is an inspiring and a memorable sight.

The second visit should be made in August or September, when the ground is dry, the grass at its best, and the air so balmy that the camper is ever happy in pure joy of living. Up to time of this writing, no cattle have ever been pastured in either cañon, and horse-feed is most abundant.

It is one of the few mountain sections where a large party may camp for a whole summer without having a moment's worry over the condition of its stock. It is sincerely to be hoped that no wandering herds will ever be permitted to graze this perfect camping-ground, for,

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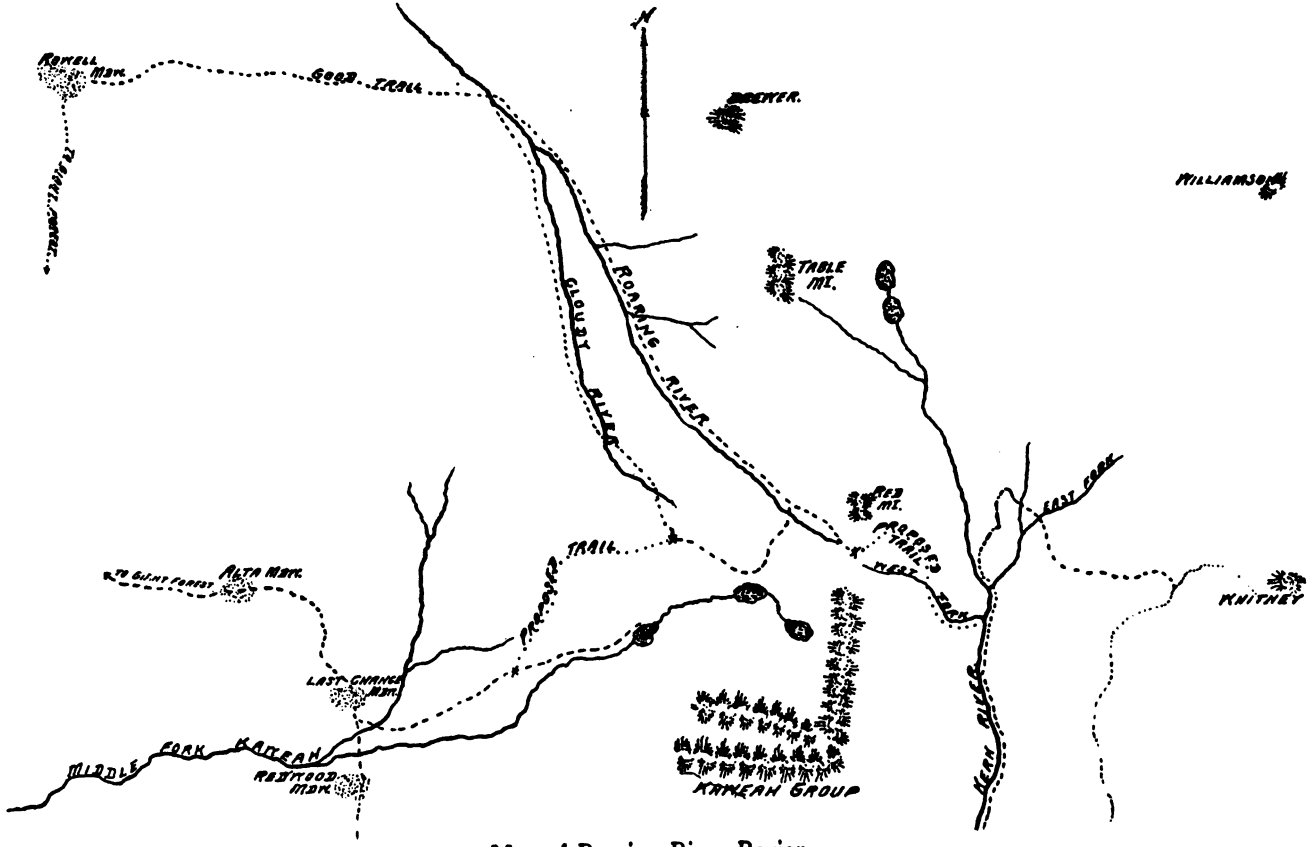

Map of Roaring River Region.

(From data supplied by A. D. Ferguson.)

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aside from consuming the horse-feed, cattle would in a single season destroy and make hazardous for travel the now excellent trails.

A trail could be made from the present terminus of the Roaring River trail, to cross the divide between Roaring and Kern rivers, and down the West Fork of the Big Kern into Kern Cañon. This extension of the Roaring River trail, while involving considerable labor in its construction, would be quite short, would be open by July 1st, and would make possible an outing trip which could hardly be equaled anywhere in the whole vast stretch of the Sierras. To take in a great many points of interest and return home by a different route is always an enticing prospect. The itinerary of such a trip would include the Giant Forest, Kings River Cañon, Roaring River Cañon (with side-trips up Cloudy Cañon and many other pleasant excursions), Kern Cañon, Mt. Whitney, and back to the plains by either of the routes described in Mr. Norboe's excellent article in the last issue of this JOURNAL. For a party who wish to see the greatest number of scenic wonders of our mountains in a limited time this route would have no rival. For a party whose time is their own there would be limitless possibilities for short side-diversions from the general plan of advance which would but round out and make more perfect a summer's outing.

The southernmost living specimen of the Sequoia (or big redwood) is in the southeast quarter of section 3, township 24 south, range 31 east, M. D. B. and M. This locality is in Tulare County, near the head-waters of White River, and four miles north of the Kern County line.

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WITH THE SIERRA CLUB TO MT. WHITNEY.

By A. H. Allen.

ON the ninth day of July, 1903, one hundred and three members of the Sierra Club left the main camp of the club on Kern River at Coyote Creek, making for Whitney. Of the incidents of our journey much might be written. We crossed the rushing Kern on the new foot-bridge, constructed by the forest rangers at the instance of the Visalia Board of Trade. Then we watched with interest the crossing of the pack-animals by the ford, their packs being carried across the bridge. Again, there was our first camp, at which the bedding of many of our party failed to arrive, so that we divided blankets, and many of us shivered most of the night about great camp-fires. The next day we saw the volcanoes, curious little dark-red cones that in ages past had covered much of the surrounding country with great beds of lava, now standing defeated and useless amid the larger masses of granite mountains with which they had tried vainly to compete. We also got excited over the fate of a heedless party that had failed to turn north at the tunnel, as directed, and had to be pursued and turned back after tramping a half-dozen miles on the trail towards Inyo. One of these was a noted Mazama, a mountaineer with records on Rainier, and we green tenderfeet that had held to the right trail gloated in secret over his discomfiture. Then there were the Golden Trout, always to be mentioned with capital letters, and remembered with delight,

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some six or seven hundred of which leaped glad and gleaming from the waters of Volcano Creek that day to make us a feast in camp that night. The next day we ascended to that strangely drear plateau, so aptly named the "Siberian Outpost," on the upper waters of Rock Creek, from the borders of which the novices of us saw for the first time a panorama of the High Sierras, Cirque Peak, the southernmost of the towering line, then north of it Sheep Mountain and Mt. Le Conte; before us a worthy peak, unnamed on the map, but with an altitude given of 13,370 feet, concealing from us Whitney, which lay behind it. On the left rose Mt. Guyot, a modest 11,300 feet, but sharp and dignified in outline; and far to the westward the unmistakable spires of the Kaweahs, with their sturdy offspring, the Red Spur.

Memorable also were the wastes of sand through which we trudged, the riven and twisted tamaracks that watched our progress, the steep ups and equally steep downs of the divides we crossed. Above all was the delight of the constant swinging trudge, trudge, as we made our way in pairs and half dozens, breathing freely the magnificent mountain air and enjoying the ever-changing prospect. All was made easy for the amateur mountaineer. There was a more or less efficient pack-train to transport the baggage, and nothing for us to do but tramp along at our own gait, and get into camp when we saw fit.

On the morning of July 11th the vanguard reached Crabtree Meadows shortly before noon. There were a dozen of us there, and we wondered whether the pack-train would arrive. We thought of some of the trails we had passed, and of the doubts that had been expressed about the mules the night before. Our haunted imagina-

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tions saw "Corbett," a pink mule with criminal instincts, running amuck, as he sometimes did, while the gentle voices of the kindly packers rose in mild expostulation. Feeling in our pockets, we extracted some bits of cracker, a few dates and hunks of chocolate, and other such provision. One or two suggested frogs, of which there were plenty, in case the pack-train did not come through. So we rested and killed time.

Four of us presently agreed to ascend Whitney forthwith. We were Bernard Miller, of Oakland, Dick McCarthy, of San Francisco, Thornton Kinney, of Los Angeles, and the writer, the only tenderfoot of the quartet. Kinney had been on the ground before, and he took the lead. All in due time we reached Langley's Camp, at the base of the mountain, and began the climb. Miller took a chimney to the left of the one the trail enters, and made better progress, as we soon heard him calling from far above us. Zigzagging back and forth in that chimney in sand that slipped and slid was wearisome work after my morning's tramp. And on emerging from the chimney began that interminable crawl up the long sloping side of the mountain that all Whitney-climbers remember. Lest this record fall into the hands of one who knows the facts, I set up no claims to a record dash to the summit, but here and now confess that as a climber I was not a success.

Miller by this time was well along towards the top. Kinney and McCarthy were in a hurry to join him, to see the sunset from the summit. I assured them that the sunset would look very nice to me from wherever it might find me, and they pressed rapidly on.

There is something overpowering about being left

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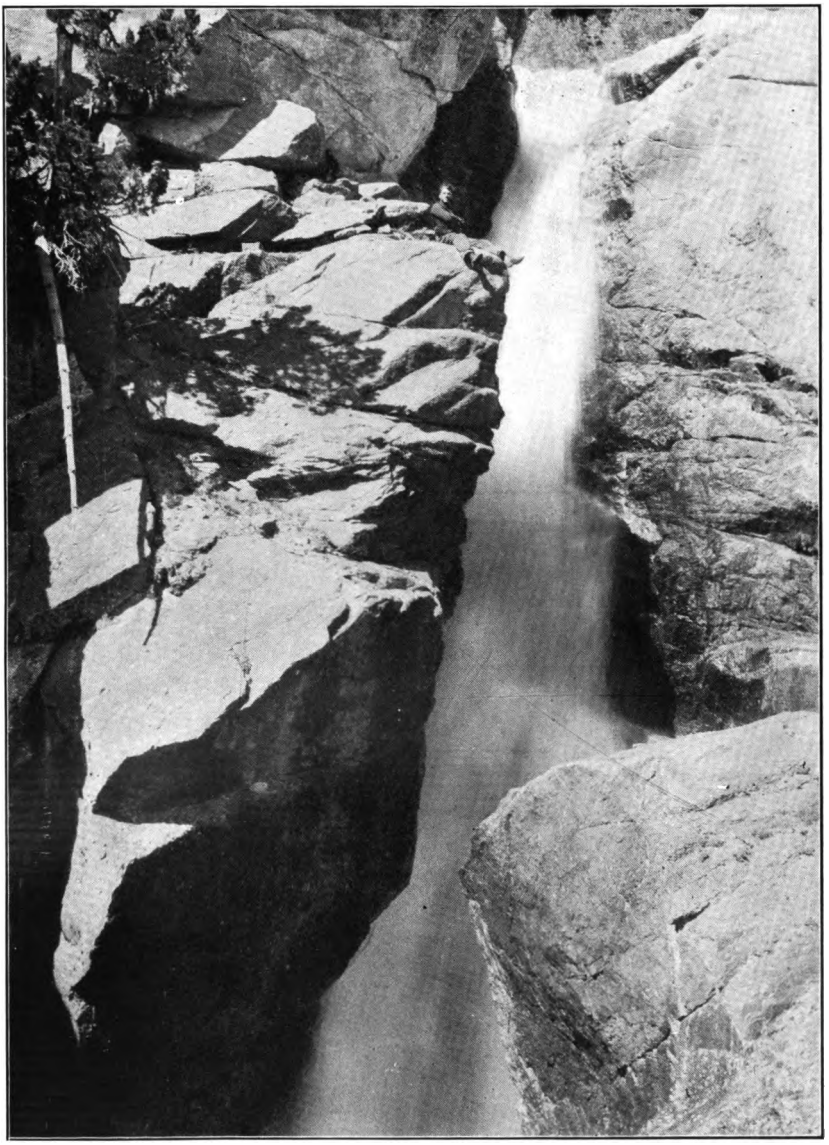

Lower Falls, Kern–Kaweah.
(From photograph by Geo. D. Smith.)

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alone on the side of a great mountain at that hour of the day, even on such a hospitable-appearing mountain as old Whitney. There were no chasms to fall into, no precipice at that point over which to take the fated misstep, no glaciers, crevasses, bergschrunds, or other mountaineering terrors, of which all good mountain articles should make mention,—nothing but that slow slope up which I pulled along, tacking back and forth in the slipping sand, following an unmistakable trail by the "monuments." But meanwhile the sun was setting. Now and then I looked westward and watched the sun drawing near the jagged outline of the Kaweahs. It sank and disappeared. As it grew darker a chill was felt at once in the air. The slope below, the peaks of the Needles, that now were in sight above on the right, changed their aspect. It was somewhat as if the face of a genial friend should suddenly harden and confront one with a cold and menacing expression. Whitney had seemed such a good sort of mountain,—immense, but good-natured and easy to impose upon. See it at nightfall, alone,—even with companions not far away; feel that sudden chill in the air; look about and behold Whitney's giant comrades starting up, black and overpowering; see the darkness hide the smile of the little blue lakes that shortly before were sparkling far below at the foot of the buttressed cliffs that face Whitney from the west—*then* to stand upon the flank of the huge mountain becomes doubly an experience to be remembered.

I joined the others at the summit at 7:30. The top of the mountain was still in the light of early evening, though the sun had gone. I sought the new Sierra Club cylinder, left there a few days before by an earlier party,

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unscrewed the cap, read the names already enrolled, and solemnly added my own. What is the satisfaction of scribbling one's name and leaving it in such a place for others to read? Anyway, we all do it. We had but a short time in which to look around, and we danced and shivered as we tried to recognize features of the immense landscape that surrounded us. There was not another spot in all the United States higher than that on which we then stood. However, the thrill at this thought did not warm us. Owens Valley already lay in darkness at our feet. Owens Lake was clearly seen some fifteen miles away and about two miles below us in elevation. Barnard, Tyndall, and Williamson, an impressive group, raised their imposing outlines five or six miles northward. To the west all was becoming indistinguishable. We recognized Sawtooth, at a distance of sixteen miles as the crow flies, but about fifty as we had come by trail. And we knew the Kaweahs, eleven miles away. No more could we see in detail. The billows of mountains north, west, and south seemed to settle into darkness, and by contrast our own position seemed more elevated and lonely. To wards the east lay bottomless space, down into which the sheer cliffs of Whitney plunged. The Inyo range lay low upon the horizon.

We crawled within the shelter of a mass of rocks and built a fire, finding plenty of fuel in the sticks and boards which previous climbers had brought up from the remains of Langley's cabin. Casting about for the means of a supper, we found in our pockets some bits of cracker, chocolate, etc., and one of the party contributed a half a paper of grape-nuts which he had stowed away for some such emergency. We heated water—and at that altitude

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this took time—and made a delicious meal of grape-nuts soaked in hot water, with chocolate and other dainties on the side. It was a weird experience, and we made the most of it.

It was fully 9 o'clock when we decided to descend. But first we all went back to the summit to see the effects of the moonlight, which now was bright. We had forgotten to watch for the moon's rising, and it was now quite high in the heavens. Owens Lake was a splendid expanse of silver, and the valley lay dim and far away. We could distinguish very little in it. The north side of the mountain lay in the shadow, seemingly twice as black as before in contrast with the points that lay in the silvery light. The depths below were abysmal and awful; and after one glance down I drew back from the brink with an involuntary shudder. To the west and south the great expanse of the mountain's slope spread out, more extensive in appearance than by daylight, and sinking at the bottom into a lake of impenetrable darkness, into which the moonlight had not yet pierced. All that did not rise into the light lay in the inky blackness of the shadows. I hope some time to stand upon the top of Whitney in the daylight, but I do not much expect to find anything then that will surpass the enchanted beauty of all that wild expanse of mountains under the spell of the moonbeams.

We had not gone very far before we found that we were not on the trail. We did not desire to work our way down by guesswork and miss connections with the chimney through which we had come up, as none of us knew any way of getting off the mountain than through that same cleft in the rocks. There was abundance of light, and yet details were surprisingly indistinct. Little piles

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of stones, the "monuments" of the trail, that could be seen at considerable distance in the daytime, were not now distinguishable from the rough outlines of the rocks on which they lay. In order to find the trail, we separated, hailing one another through the still night to report progress. The lustiest calls sounded faint and feeble as they reached the ear through the thin air. We were often out of sight of each other among the rocks. After a lively half-hour or so a faint hail and a match struck for a beacon told us that the trail was found. When we once got on it, we followed it carefully, taking no shortcuts, and were soon in the chimney. Barring a sliding rock that came near to breaking a leg, we got down without accident. From Langley's Camp we devoted all our energies to making haste, I for my part stumbling along nearly half-asleep and seeing nothing but the trail before my feet. We reached camp between 1 and 2 o'clock, and found a small party of our companions already up, getting breakfast, preparing to ascend the mountain for the sunrise. We shared their midnight meal, and were soon in our sleeping-bags, dead to the world.

About 10 o'clock I turned out, and, drawn by some irresistible attraction, started for the foot of the mountain to see how the others had made the ascent. Once there, I kept on, and began to climb the left-hand chimney, up which Miller had gone the day before. For the benefit of prospective Whitney-climbers, I conclude with saying that in my opinion this is on the whole much the easier way to commence the ascent.

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NEW ROADS AND TRAILS.

By G. W. Stewart.

IN the matter of road, bridge, and trail building in the vicinity of Mt. Whitney and "within its shadow," 1903 was a record year. Most important was the completion to the Giant Forest of the road which the Government has been extending into the Sequoia National Park. Last year's work was done under the direction of Captain Charles Young, Ninth U. S. Cavalry, Acting Superintendent of the park, and it was well done. This road, on a remarkably easy grade, traverses some of the grandest scenery of the Sierra, and the present terminus is within the limits of the most magnificent forest on the continent.

Another important road, constructed under the direct superintendence of Captain Young, extends from Happy Gap, on the old Visalia road, to the Millwood grade, thence to the west line of the General Grant National Park. This enables people traveling from the south to avoid the dreaded and always dangerous Stevens grade in reaching that park. As this new road was outside the limits of the Grant Park, the Government bore no part of the expense. Captain Young gave his services gratuitously, and the Visalia Board of Trade defrayed the cost of the work.

The road to Big Meadows, in the same vicinity, was much improved also last year. This is the shortest way to Kings River Cañon, and when further repair work is done and the grade improved it will be much traveled.

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A good bridge was built across Bowlder Creek by the forest rangers, the money to pay for the material used being provided by a member of the Board of Supervisors of Tulare County and the Dinuba Board of Trade. This bridge will be used and appreciated by all persons traveling from Millwood or General Grant Park into Kings River Cañon. The trail into the cañon has also been repaired.

Under Forest Ranger Bigelow, work was done in Granite Basin and Sheep's-head Basin on the Copper Creek trail to Simpson Meadow and the Middle Fork of Kings River, and on the trail from Simpson Meadow to Tehipite Valley. By this work, costing $500 (of which $350 was contributed by the Board of Supervisors of Fresno County and $150 by the Sierra Club), the Tehipite trail is made safe for riding- and pack-animals.

The Kings River Power Company has constructed for its own use, and which may be used by the public, a trail from Trimmer Springs up the main Kings River to within three or four miles of Tehipite, and another up the South Fork of Kings River to the mouth of Bowlder Creek. Further work is to be done during the present season, and when completed one may travel by way of Copper Creek to Tehipite, thence down the Middle Fork and out via Millwood or General Grant Park.

The Bubbs Creek trail to Kearsarge Pass was much improved last summer, and the famous (or infamous) "stairs," leading toward the summit, out of the Grand Cañon of Kings River, where many animals and packs have been lost, has ceased to be dangerous, and need have no terrors now for the faintest-hearted.

Farther southward the trail from Giant Forest to Min-

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eral King via Timber Gap was improved late in the season. The laying out of a new trail, shorter and on a better grade, between these points, by Park Ranger E. Britten and Forest Ranger W. C. Burton, was arranged for last fall, but unfavorable weather prevented. It is hoped that a new route may be located, monumented, and blazed early this season. The new trail may not be completed, however, before next year.

In the vicinity of Mineral King some expensive trail-work was done by the Mt. Whitney Power Company, of Visalia. While these trails were made for that company's use, they may also be traveled by the public. One trail was built from Mineral King to Eagle Lake. The narrow pathway from the same point to Lady Franklin and Silver lakes was widened and repaired; and a new trail was made from that popular summer resort to Upper Monarch Lake, on the way to Sawtooth Peak. This last-mentioned trail passes over difficult country and was expensive to build, and will later be continued to the Shagupa plateau. The Mt. Whitney Club had a party viewing out the proposed extension to this trail last season, and it is expected to have the same definitely located over the whole distance, across the plateau, thence to Kern River Cañon, at an early date this year.

Before the snow was off the ground last year rangers were sent by Forest Supervisor H. White to repair the trail from Bullion Flat (beyond Mineral King) to Coyote Pass and to build a new one on an easy grade thence to the lakes on Kern River. An excellent trail was constructed, entirely avoiding the long and precipitous descent formerly traveled. A good bridge for animals was also made across Kern River, which will enable travelers

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to reach the eastern side of the stream fully a month earlier than ever before. Repair work was also done on the old Mt. Whitney trail leading out of Kern Cañon.

From the Hot Springs on Nine-mile Creek, a tributary of the Big Kern, the forest rangers made a new trail six miles to Casa Vieja Meadows, thence to Beach Meadows, a farther distance of six miles. This trail will be used by the rangers in their patrol work, and will be much used by the campers summering in that region.

Captain Young had the soldiers under his command make a good trail from the lakes north of Sheep Mountain (Old Mt. Whitney) over the summit to Lone Pine in Inyo County. This materially shortened the distance between the latter and Kern River, and will be much used. Lieutenant Howard, stationed at Lone Pine with a detachment of the Ninth U. S. Cavalry, commenced the building of a trail from the vicinity of that place to Mt. Whitney, and continued the work until his command was withdrawn for the season. The people of Lone Pine then took up the work. They subscribed funds for the purpose, organized a working force of twelve men, chose a foreman, established their first camp at the upper lake, under the eastern face of Mt. Whitney, above the timber-line, and labored diligently until cold weather compelled them to desist only a half mile from the summit of this loftiest peak in the United States. E. H. Edwards, of Lone Pine, guaranteed personally the payment of all bills for trail-work, that the same might not be delayed while the money was being collected. The sum of $654.25 was contributed by citizens of Inyo County, $200 was appropriated by the Board of Supervisors of that county, and $50 was added by the Visalia Board of Trade. The

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trail is not a turnpike by any means, but is "navigable" by animals, and with a little more work one may ride to the summit of Whitney. Much labor will be required to put it in the condition its promoters and energetic builders desire, but, as it is, it is the most important piece of trail-work accomplished in the Higher Sierra during the year 1903. It places the town of Lone Pine, once "so near and yet so far," within a few hours' ride of Mt. Whitney, and closes the gap in the "grand circuit" mentioned in the last issue of the JOURNAL. One may now start from Visalia and travel to the Sequoia National Park, thence, without "back-tracking" a single mile, take in the Giant Forest, Mineral King, Kern River Cañon, Mt. Whitney, Lone Pine, Independence, Kearsarge Pass, and Kings River Cañon, and return to the Giant Forest, or, via General Grant National Park, to Visalia. Likewise, one may start from Independence or Lone Pine and visit all these points, and nowhere else in the world may one enjoy so great a variety and extent of matchless scenery in so short a time.

Still farther southward than any region that has been mentioned under this heading, in the mountains of Tule River and South Fork of the Kern, the rangers under Forest Supervisor White did a considerable amount of trail-work last season.

From the Hot Springs on Deer Creek, a well-populated resort during several months of the year, a new trail was built six miles in a northeasterly direction to connect with the trail between the South Fork of Tule River and the Little Kern. From Quinn's cabin, on the north branch of the Middle Fork of Tule River, a trail was built two and a half miles to the Hossack Meadows.

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From Weldon, on the South Fork of the Kern, a trail was constructed four miles, via Fay Ranch, to the Brown's Meadow and Monache Trail. In addition, the rangers worked over a number of existing trails.

The work herein reviewed cost a total of about $2,000, in addition to $10,000 expended by the Government on the Giant Forest grade; and several hundred dollars will be expended during the season of 1904.

An elaborate program of trail extension has been outlined for the present year, not the least important of which will be connections with trails built by copper miners along the cañons of Roaring and Cloudy rivers to the vicinity of the head-waters of each; thence into Kern River Cañon, where the new trail to Mt. Whitney will be touched. The Roaring River trail now connects at Rowell Meadow with the trail from Giant Forest to Kings River Cañon mentioned in the last number of the JOURNAL.

Since last summer some trail-work has been done by electric-power companies along Middle Tule River, to be followed later by road-building. To improve the much-traveled trail up Middle Tule to Nelson's and beyond, the Porterville Board of Trade has appropriated the sum of $150 to be expended by the forest officers early during the present year. This trail leads into a charming region visited by large numbers of people every year, and is a short and easy way to those splendid fishing-streams, the Little and Big Kern rivers.

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The Head of Cloudy Cañon.
(From photograph by A. D. Ferguson.)

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THE MT. WHITNEY TRAIL.

By E. H. Edwards.

THE climb to the summit of the grandest, most sublime, and loftiest of mountains in the Union, is now made easy. The people of Lone Pine, Inyo County, California, a village nestling at the eastern base of Mt. Whitney, three miles from Mt. Whitney station on the Carson and Colorado Railroad, in Owens Valley, in the fall of 1903 made a direct trail from the town to near the top of Mt. Whitney, which is easy of ascent with saddle-horses and pack-mules. It is a two-days' trip from Lone Pine to the summit and back, but it can be made in one day with a good saddle-animal. But parties not in a rush, and wishing to admire the beauties of nature, should take three days for the trip, camping in Lone Pine-Whitney Cañon at the Panaway Falls in Ibex Park, also at Deer Glen Meadows near the head of the timber-line. From these and many other places beautiful views can be obtained up to the head of the cañon at Lone Pine Pass on top of the mountain. Lone Pine Pass, with an elevation of nearly 13,000 feet, is the dividing-line between Inyo and Tulare counties. From here the mountain rises with a gradual slope northward to the monument on the summit, where the elevation is nearly 15,000 feet.

The future summer route for tourists and pleasure-seekers of San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific Coast will start from Visalia or Porterville, from which places they can explore the Sequoia forests, the Kings

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River Cañon, the Tule and Kaweah mountains and falls, and then land where all trails center, in the Kern River Cañon and spend a few days at the old camping-grounds in Edwards Meadows at the Soda Springs near Lake Runkle, or Little Kern Lake, where there is splendid trout-fishing in the river and lake, and fine pasture and camping-places for miles along the river.

Kern River Cañon is near the center of the Sierras, and in variety and grandeur of scenery is surpassed by none and rivaled by few places in the world. From here the trail leads up Golden Trout Creek by the natural bridge, to the meadows at its head under the south base of Mt. Clarence King, also known as Cirque Peak. There is fine fishing up Golden Trout Creek from the falls at its junction with Kern River at Edwards Meadow to the camp-grounds at its head, and the fish are the richest and most delicious that swim. Then the trail skirts the southwest base of Mt. Clarence King to the meadow at its northwest base. This mountain is easy to ascend on horseback to the summit, and from here a grand panoramic view south and east delights the vision, and will more than compensate any parties for their climb. Then the trail passes at the north of the meadow, a place known as the " Siberian Outpost " and from there to the head-waters of Rock Creek under the Sawtooth Mountains, the highest peak of which is Mt. Le Conte. There are good pasture and fine camping-places on Rock Creek. From this place, the trail at present leads by way of Crabtree Meadow to Langley Meadow at the west base of Mt. Whitney; but the people of Visalia, Porterville, and Tulare, aided by the Mt. Whitney Club intend to make a trail from the Sawtooth Mountains, skirting and

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gradually ascending the summit of Whitney, to connect with the Lone Pine trail on the top—the Mecca of tourists. Those wishing to complete the circle can descend the eastern side by direct trail to Lone Pine, where they will receive a social welcome and the kindest attention. Parties who are tired of camping can there dispense with camp-train and send it back by the Hockett Trail to their starting-place, and, if time permits, make a trip to the towns through the valley,—Independence, Big Pine, and Bishop,—enjoying our health-inspiring, rarefied atmosphere; then take the Carson and Colorado Railroad for other noted places,—Virginia City, Carson, Reno, Truckee, and lastly Lake Tahoe. Others going south can take the railroad-train to Keeler and stage from there to Mojave. Others wishing to enjoy more camping can return from Independence by the Kearsarge Pass, or from Bishop by Mono Lake and the Minarets or Bridgeport and the Yosemite. If any party is not satisfied with being at the nearest place to heaven in the United States—the summit of Mt. Whitney—we can furnish them at Lone Pine with animals and a guide that in two days will land them in the sink of Death Valley, the nearest place to Hades in the Union, five hundred feet below sea-level. In Inyo County there is a great choice of climate, from the torrid to the frigid.

LONE PINE, CAL., November 24, 1903.

Mt. Whitney has received consideration by the Carnegie Institute as a suitable place for the location of a solar observatory. All data required was not available when the matter was under discussion by that body, and no definite action was taken thereon.

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The gray (or digger) pine (*Pinus Sabiniana*) is one of the most noticeable trees of the Sierra foothills, and is usually the first pine encountered on entering the mountains. While this species is common in Central California and northward, as well as in the southern Sierra and in the Coast Range, there is a gap from Kings River to the South Fork of Tule River, covering a distance of about fifty miles, where this tree has not been found. The reason for the absence of the digger pine from the whole western slope of the Sierras (as well as from the corresponding reach in the basin of the Kern) over so extensive a region, where exist the other pines with which it associates, has not been satisfactorily explained.

The last Congress appropriated a sum of money to be expended by the Agricultural Department in transporting a herd of elk from the Miller & Lux ranch in Kern County to the cañon of the Middle Fork of the Kaweah River, in the Sequoia National Park. A fence has just been built to confine them in the cañon, where they will have an abundance of good feed at all seasons of the year. This herd of elk, numbering about one hundred and fifty, has been protected for many years by Miller & Lux on their immense cattle-range, and but for their constant care would long ago have disappeared. They are the last of the many thousands that once roamed over the broad San Joaquin Valley.

Captain Charles Young, of the Ninth U. S. Cavalry, who was Acting Superintendent of the Sequoia and General Grant national parks last summer, made a record as

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a rapid road-builder, and at the same time had excellent work done. And much to his credit also, and his troopers, there was no report of the illegal killing of deer or other game by any member of his command.

The attention of the JOURNAL'S readers is called to the advertisements appearing in this issue. The persons whose names appear therein, on both sides of the range, are prepared to furnish accommodations and all necessary supplies to mountain outing parties of any size, or to conduct them to any part of the southern Sierra.

Small plantings of forest-tree seeds have been made this spring in the basins of the Middle Fork of the Kaweah River and Middle Fork of Tule River at various altitudes below the lower margin of the pine belt. The growth of the same will be watched with interest.

The sums of $10,000, to be expended in the Sequoia National Park, and $2,500, for the improvement of the General Grant National Park, were appropriated by Congress during its last session.

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Mt. Whitney Club Journal.

Free to Members. Annual dues, $1.00.

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Corresponding Secretary,
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PURPOSES OF THE MT. WHITNEY CLUB AND LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

The objects of the Mt. Whitney Club are: To aid in making Mt. Whitney—the crown of the Sierra—and the adjacent mountain region better known to the world; to assist in mapping the Mt. Whitney region (embracing the watersheds of the Kings, Kaweah, Kern, and Owens rivers) and in properly naming the streams, lakes, meadows, pinnacles, peaks, and other natural objects therein for the purpose of identification; to promote the building of trails and roads, and the placing in proper places of guide-boards giving directions, distances, altitudes, or other necessary information; to collect and exhibit views and objects of interest from the Mt. Whitney region; to encourage the preparation and dissemination of literature descriptive of that region; to publish a journal, and to issue, at times, special bulletins, containing information valuable to explorers, campers, tourists, and the public; to stimulate a love for our mountains and their majestic scenery.

MEMBERS ELECTED SINCE LAST ISSUE OF JOURNAL.

Allen, A. H.	Visalia, Cal.
Allen, Lillian P.	Visalia, Cal.
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Grant, William.	Olanche, Cal.
Le Conte, Joseph N.	Berkeley, Cal.
McDuffie, Duncan	Oakland, Cal.
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Nye, Harriet L.	Oakland, Cal.
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Parsons, E. T.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Roberts, Milnora de B.....	Seattle, Wash.
Schmidt, Antoine	San Francisco, Cal.
Swain, Arthur H.....	Visalia, Cal.
Swain, Arthur Norman	Visalia, Cal.
Wall, Dr. B. P.....	Berkeley, Cal.

OUR CLUB.

As heretofore, the main efforts of the Mt. Whitney Club have been expended during the past twelve months in the improvement and extension of trails and the building of new ones, and have secured for this purpose appropriations of several hundred dollars by boards of supervisors and other bodies. Members of the Club have explored the mountains, seeking new ways into hitherto inaccessible regions, and laying out more direct routes with better grades for existing trails. Several boards of trade have cooperated in this good work, and others have done important work on their own initiative. The result is to bring the wildest and grandest sections of the Sierras nearer to the people, and to reduce the necessary expenditure of time and money in becoming acquainted with the grandeur of these grandest of mountains.

That the visitors to the Mt. Whitney region may find good angling in all parts thereof, arrangements are being made by which members of the Club during the present summer will take fish from streams that have been stocked to many that are not, the intention being to continue the work systematically and regularly until all bodies of water in all altitudes, become the homes of rainbow and other trout native to the Sierras' streams.

It is gratifying to observe that the number of persons seeking our mountains, and making the ascent of Mt. Whitney, increases every year, and this fact and our growing list of Whitneyites encourage the members of the Club to persevere in the work undertaken.

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